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"DEAR SOUL."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

You call me poor in tender speech,
And think I spurn its sweet control,
Because, with all that love can teach,
My moderate lips can only reach
"Dear soul!"

You bid me "Find a fonder name
For those who win your heart's high goal;
Love must have taught your thought to frame
Some warmer title than your tame
'Dear soul!'"

Let flatterers seek expressions new
To speak your worth, and tell the whole;
But when *I* search all sweet words through,
This is my highest praise of you,
Dear soul!

So pity not my poverty—
Since all pet names, from pole to pole,
Merged into one, could never be
One half so rich as this to me,
Dear soul!

Wherefore, although it seem so cold,
Believe me, sweet, it means the whole;
And few who love you, ever told
So much as these small words enfold,
Dear soul!

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

The stately rooms of one of the finest houses in London were open for the reception of evening guests. Wax-lights, looking innumerable when reflected from the mirrors, shed their rays on the gilded decorations, on the fine paintings, and on the gorgeous dresses of the ladies; the enlivening strains of the band invited to the dance, and the rare exotics omitted a sweet perfume. It was the west-end residence of a famed and wealthy city merchant of lofty standing; his young wife was an earl's daughter, and the admission to the house of Mr. and Lady Adela Netherleigh was coveted by the gay world.

"There's a mishap!" almost screamed a pretty-looking girl. She had dropped her handkerchief and stooped for it, and her partner stooped also; in his hurry, he put his foot upon her thin white dress, she rose at the same moment, and the bottom of the skirt was torn half off.

"Quite impossible that I can finish the quadrille," quoth she to him, half in amusement, half provoked at the misfortune. "You must find another partner, and I will go and get this repaired."

She went up stairs: by some neglect, the lady's-maid was not in attendance there, and, too impatient to ring and wait for her, down she flew into the housekeeper's parlor. She was quite at home in the house, for she was the sister of its mistress. She had gathered the damaged dress up, on her arm, but her white silk petticoat fell in rich folds around her.

"Just look what an object that stupid—" And there stopped the young lady; for, instead of the housekeeper and lady's maid, whom she expected to meet, nobody was in the room but a gentleman, a tall, handsome man. She looked thunderstruck; and then slowly advanced and stared at him, as if not believing her own eyes.

"My goodness, Gerard! Well, I should just as soon have expected to meet the dead here."

"How are you, Lady Frances?" he said, holding out his hand with hesitation.

"*Lady* Frances! I am much obliged to you for your formality: Lady Frances returns her thanks to Mr. Hope for his polite inquiries," continued she, in a tone of piqne, and honoring him with a swimming curtsey of ceremony.

He caught her hand. "Forgive me, Fanny, but our positions are altered; at least, mine is; and how did I know that you were not?"

"You are an ungrateful——raven," cried she, "to croak like that. After getting me to write you no end of letters, with all the news about everybody, and beginning 'My dear Gerard,' and ending 'Your affectionate Fanny,' and being as good to you as a sister, you meet me with 'My Lady Frances!' Now don't squeeze my hand to atoms. What on earth have you come to England for?"

"I could not stop there," he returned, with emotion; "I was fretting away my heart-strings. So I took my resolution and came back—guess and what way, Frances; and what to do."

"How should I know? To call me 'Lady Frances,' perhaps."

"As a clerk; a clerk, to earn my bread. That's what I am now. Very consistent, is it not, for one in my position to address familiarly Lady Frances Chenevix?"

"You never spoke a grain of sense in your life, Gerard," she exclaimed, peevishly. "What do you mean?"

"Mr. Netherleigh has taken me into his counting-house."

"Mr. Netherleigh!" she echoed, in surprise "What, with that—that—"

"That crime hanging over me. Speak up, Frances."

"No; I was going to say that doubt. *I* don't believe you guilty: you know that, Gerard."

"I am in his house, Frances, and I came up here to-night from the city to bring a note from his partner. I declined any of the reception-rooms, not caring to meet old acquaintances, and the servants put me into this."

"But you had a mountain of debts in England, Gerard, and were afraid of arrest."

"I have managed that: they are going to let me square up by instalments. Has the bracelet never been heard of?"

"Oh, that's gone for good: melted down in a caldron, as the colonel calls it, and the diamonds reset. It remains a mystery of the past, and is never expected to be solved."

"And they still suspect me! What is the matter with your dress?"

"Matter enough," answered she, letting it down, and turning round for his inspection. "I came here to get it repaired. My great booby of a partner did it for me."

"Fanny, how is Alice Seaton?"

"You have cause to ask after her. She is dying."

"Dying!" repeated Mr. Hope, in a hushed, shocked tone.

"I do not mean actually dying this night, or going to die to-morrow; but that she is dying by slow degrees, there is no doubt. It may be weeks off yet: I cannot tell."

"Where is she?"

"Curious to say, she is where you left her—at Lady Sarah Hope's. Alice could not bear the house after the loss of the bracelet, for she was so obstinate and foolish as to persist that the servants must suspect her, even if Lady Sarah did not. She left, and this spring Lady Sarah saw her, and was so shocked at the change in her, the extent to which she had wasted away, that she brought her to town by main force, and we and the doctors are trying to nurse her up. It seems of no use."

"Are you also staying at Colonel Hope's again?"

"I invited myself there a week or two ago, to be with Alice. It is pleasanter, too, than being at home."

"I suppose the Hopes are here to-night?"

"My sister is. I do not think your uncle has come yet."

"Does he ever speak of me less resentfully?"

"Not he: I think his storming over it has only made his suspicions stronger. Not a week passes but he begins again about that detestable bracelet. He is unalterably persuaded that you took it, and nobody must dare to put in a word in your defence."

"And does your sister honor me with the same belief?" demanded Mr. Hope, bitterly.

"*Lady Sarah is silent on the point to me; I* think she scarcely knows what to believe. You see I tell you all freely, Gerard."

Before another word could be spoken, Mr. Netherleigh entered. An aristocratic man, with a noble countenance. He bore a sealed note for Mr. Hope to deliver in the city.

"Why, Fanny!" he exclaimed to his sister-in-law, "you here?"

"Yes; look at the sight they have made me," replied she, shaking down her dress for his benefit, as she had previously done for Mr. Hope's. "I am waiting for some of the damsels to mend it for me; I suppose Mr. Hope's presence has scared them away. Won't mamma be in a fit of rage when she sees it, for it is now to-night."

Gerard Hope shook hands with Lady Frances; and Mr. Netherleigh, who had a word of direction to give him, walked with him into the hall. As they stood there, who should enter but Colonel Hope, Gerard's uncle. He started back when he saw Gerard.

"C—ca—can I believe my senses?" stuttered he. "Mr. Netherleigh, is *he* one of your guests?"

"He is here on business," was the merchant's reply. "Pass on, colonel."

"No, sir, I will not pass on," cried the enraged colonel, who had not rightly caught the word business. "Or if I do pass on, it will only be to warn your guests to take care of their jewelry. So, sir," he added, turning on his nephew, "you can come back, can you, when the proceeds of your theft are spent! you have been starring it in Calais, I hear; how long did the bracelet last you to live upon?"

"Sir," answered Gerard, with a pale face, "it has been starving, rather than starring. I asserted my innocence at the time, Colonel Hope, and I repeat it now."

"Innocence!" ironically repeated the colonel, turning to all sides of the hall, as if he took delight in parading the details of the unfortunate past. "The trinkets were spread out on a table in Lady Sarah's own house; you came stealthily into it—after having been forbidden it for another fault—went stealthily into the room, and the next minute the diamond bracelet was missing. It was owing to my confounded folly in listening to a parcel of women, that I did not bring you to trial at the time; I have only once regretted not doing it, and that has been ever since. A little wholesome correction at the penitentiary might have made an honest man of you. Good-night, Mr. Netherleigh; if you encourage him in your house, you don't have me."

Now another gentleman had entered and heard this; some servants also heard it. Colonel Hope, who firmly believed in his nephew's guilt, turned off, peppery and indignant; and Gerard, giving vent to sundry unnephew-like expletives, strode after him. The colonel made a dash into a street cab, and Gerard walked towards the city.

Lady Frances Chenevix, her dress all right again, at least to appearance, was sitting to get her breath, after a whirling waltz. Next to her sat a lady who had also been whirling; Frances did not know her.

"You are quite exhausted; we kept it up too long," said the cavalier in attendance on the stranger. "What can I get you?"

"My fan; there it is. Thank you. Nothing else."

"What an old creature to dance herself down!" thought Frances. "She's forty, if she's a day."

The lady opened her fan, and proceeding to use it, the diamonds of her rich bracelet gleamed right in the eyes of Frances Chenevix. Frances looked at it, and started; she strained her eyes and looked at it again; she bent nearer to it, and became agitated with emotion. If her recollection did not play her false, *that was the lost bracelet.*

She discerned her sister, Lady Adela Netherleigh, and glided up to her.

"Adela, who is that lady?" she asked, pointing to the stranger.

"I don't know who she is," replied Lady Adela, carelessly, "I did not catch the name. They came with the Cadogans."

"The idea of your having people in your house that you don't know!" indignantly spoke Frances, who was working herself into a fever. "Where's Sarah? do you know that?"

"In the card-room, glued to the whist-table."

Lady Sarah, however, had unglued herself, for Frances only turned from Lady Adela to encounter her.

"I do believe your lost bracelet is in the room," she whispered in agitation; "I think I have seen it."

"Impossible!" responded Lady Sarah Hope. "It looks exactly the same; gold links interspersed with diamonds; and the clasp is the same; three stars. A tall, ugly woman has got it on, her black hair strained off her face."

"The hair strained off the face is enough to make any woman look ugly," remarked Lady Sarah. "Where is she?"

"There; she is standing up now; let us get close to her. Her dress is that beautiful maize color with blonde lace."

Lady Sarah Hope drew near, and obtained a sight of the bracelet. The color flew into her face.

"It is mine, Fanny," she whispered.

But the lady, at that moment, took a gentleman's arm, and moved away. Lady Sarah followed her, with the view of obtaining another look. Frances Chenevix went to Mr. Netherleigh and told him. He was hard of belief.

"You cannot be sure at this distance of time, Fanny. And, besides, more bracelets than one may have been made of that pattern."

"I am so certain, that I feel as if I could swear to the bracelet," eagerly replied Lady Frances.

"Hush, hush, Fanny."

"I recollect it perfectly; it struck me the moment I saw it. How singular that I should have been talking to Gerard Hope about it this night?"

Mr. Netherleigh smiled.

"Imagination is very deceptive, Frances, and your having spoken to Mr. Hope of it brought it to your thoughts."

"But it could not have brought it to my eyes," returned Frances. "Stuff and nonsense about imagination, Mr. Netherleigh. I am positive it is the bracelet. Here comes Lady Sarah."

"I suppose Frances has been telling you," observed Lady Sarah Hope to her brother-in-law. "I feel convinced it is my own bracelet."

"But—as I have just remarked to Frances—other bracelets than yours may have been made precisely similar," he urged.

"If it is mine, the initials 'S. H.' are scratched on the back of the middle star. I did it one day with a penknife."

"You never mentioned that fact before, Lady Sarah," hastily responded the merchant.

"No. I was determined to give no clue; I was always afraid of the affair's being traced home to Gerard, and it would have been such a disgrace to my husband's name."

"Did you speak to her?—did you ask where she got the bracelet?" interrupted Frances.

"How could I?" retorted Lady Sarah. "I do not know her."

"I will," cried Frances, in a resolute tone.

"My dear Frances!" remonstrated Mr. Netherleigh.

"I vow I will," persisted Frances, as she moved away.

Lady Frances kept her word. She found the strange lady in the refreshment-room; and, locating herself by her side, entered upon a few trifling remarks, which were civilly received. Suddenly she dashed at once to her subject.

"What a beautiful bracelet!"

"I think it is," was the stranger's reply, holding out her arm for its inspection, without any reservation.

"Where did you buy it?" pursued Frances.

"Garrards are my jewellers."

This very nearly did for Frances: for it was at Garrard's that the colonel originally purchased it; and it seemed to give a coloring to Mr. Netherleigh's view of more bracelets having been made of the same pattern. But she was too anxious and determined to stand upon ceremony—for Gerard's sake; and he was dearer to her than the world suspected.

"We—one of my family—lost a bracelet exactly like this, some time back. When I saw it on your arm, I thought it was the same; I hoped it was."

The lady froze directly, and laid down her arm.

"Are you—pardon me, there are painful interests involved—are you sure you purchased this at Garrard's?"

"I have said that Messrs. Garrard are my jewellers," replied the stranger, in a repelling voice; and the words sounded evasive to Frances. "More I cannot say; neither am I aware by what law of courtesy you thus question me, nor who you may be."

The young lady drew herself up, proudly secure in her rank.

"I am Lady Frances Chenevix;" and the other bowed, and turned to the refreshment-table.

Away went Lady Frances to find the Cadogans, and inquire after the stranger.

It was a Lady Livingstone. The husband had made a mint of money at something, had been knighted, and now they were launching out into high society.

Frances's nose went into the air. Oh, law! a city knight and his wife! that was it, was it. How could Mrs. Cadogan have taken up with *them?*

The Honorable Mrs. Cadogan did not choose to say; beyond the assertion that they were extremely worthy, good kind of people. She could have said that her spendthrift of a husband had contrived to borrow money from Sir Jasper Livingstone; and to prevent being bothered for it, and keep them in good humor, they introduced the Livingstones where they could.

Frances Chenevix went home; that is, to Colonel Hope's; and told her strange tale to Alice Seaton, not only about Gerard's being in England, but about the bracelet. Lady Sarah had nearly determined not to move in the matter, for Mr. Netherleigh had infected her with his disbelief, especially since she heard of Lady Livingstone's assertion that Messrs. Garrard were her jewellers. Not so Frances; she was determined to follow it up; and next morning, saying evasively that she wanted to call at her father's, she got possession of Lady Sarah's carriage, and down she went to the Haymarket, to Garrard's. Alice Seaton, a fragile girl, with a once *lovely* countenance, but so faded now that she looked, as Frances had said, dying, waited her return in a pitiable state of excitement. Frances came in, looking little less excited.

"Alice, it *is* the bracelet. I am more certain than ever. Garrard's people say they have sold articles of jewellery to Lady Livingstone, [illegible] that they never had one of that precise pattern, but the bracelet Colonel Hope bought."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Alice.

"I know; I shall go to those Livingstones; Gerard shall not stay under this cloud, if I can help him out of it. Mr. Netherleigh won't act in it—laughs at me; Lady Sarah won't act; and we dare not tell the colonel; he is so obstinate and wrong-headed, he would be for arresting Gerard, pending the investigation."

"Frances—"

"Now don't you preach, Alice. When I will a thing, I *will*: I am like my lady mother for that. Lady Sarah says she scratched her initials inside the bracelet, and I shall demand to see it; if these Livingstones refuse, I'll put the detectives on the scent. *I will*; as sure as my name is Frances Chenevix."

"And if the investigation should bring the guilt home to—to—Gerard?" whispered Alice, in a hollow tone.

"And if it should bring it home to you! and if it should bring it home to me!" spoke the exasperated Frances. "For shame, Alice; it cannot bring it home to Gerard, for he was never guilty."

Alice Seaton sighed; she saw there was no help for it, for Lady Frances was resolute.

"I have a deeper stake in this than you," she said, after a pause of consideration; "let me go to the Livingstones. You must not refuse me; I have an urgent motive for wishing it."

"You, you weak mite of a thing! you would faint before you got half through the interview," uttered Lady Frances, in a tone between jest and vexation.

Alice persisted. She had indeed a powerful reason for urging it, and Lady Frances allowed the point, though with much grumbling. The carriage was still at the door, for Lady Frances had desired that it should wait, and Alice hastily dressed herself and went down to it, without speaking to Lady Sarah. The footman was closing the door upon her, when out flew Frances.

"Alice, I have made up my mind to go with you, for I cannot guard my patience until you are back again. I can sit in the carriage while you go in. Lady Livingstone will be two feet higher from to-day—that the world should have been amazed with the spectacle of Lady Frances Chenevix waiting humbly at the door."

Frances talked incessantly on the road, but Alice was silent: she was deliberating what she should say, and was nerving herself to the task. Lady Livingstone was at home, and Alice, sending in her card, was conducted to her presence, leaving Lady Frances in the carriage.

Lady Frances had thus described her: a woman as thin as a whipping-post, with a red nose: and Alice found Lady Livingstone answer to it very well. Sir Jasper, who was also present, was much older than his wife, and short and thick; a good-natured looking man with a bald head.

Alice, refined and sensitive, scarcely knew how she opened her subject, but she was met in a different manner from what she had expected. The knight and his wife were really worthy people, as Mrs. Cadogan had said, only she had a mania for getting into "high life and high-lived company;" a thing she would never accomplish. They listened to Alice's tale with courtesy, and at length with interest.

"You will readily conceive the nightmare this has been to me," panted Alice, for her emotion was great. "The bracelet was under my charge, and it disappeared in this extraordinary way. All the trouble that it has been productive of to me, I am not at liberty to tell you, but it has certainly shortened my life."

"You look very ill," observed Lady Livingstone, with sympathy.

"I am worse than I look. I am going into the grave rapidly. Others, less sensitive, or with stronger bodily health, might have battled successfully with the distress and annoyance; I could not. I shall die in greater peace if this unhappy affair can be cleared. Should it prove to be the same bracelet, we may be able to trace out how it was lost."

Lady Livingstone left the room and returned with the diamond bracelet. She held it out to Miss Seaton, and the color rushed into Alice's poor wan face at the gleam of the diamonds: she believed she recognized them.

"But stay," she said, drawing back her hand as she was about to touch it: "do not give it me just yet. If it be the one we lost, the letters S. H. are scratched irregularly on the back of the middle clasp. Perhaps you will first look if they are there, Lady Livingstone."

Lady Livingstone turned the bracelet, glanced at the spot indicated, and then silently handed it to Sir Jasper. The latter smiled.

"Sure enough here's something—I can't see distinctly without my glasses. What is it, Lady Livingstone?"

"The letters S. H., as Miss Seaton describes: I cannot deny it."

"Deny it! no, my lady, what for should we deny it? If we are in possession of another's bracelet, lost by fraud, and if the discovery will set this young lady's mind at ease, I don't think either you or I shall be the one to deny it. Examine it for yourself, ma'am," added he, giving it to Alice.

She turned it about, she put it on her arm, her eyes lighting with the eagerness of conviction. "It is certainly the same bracelet," she affirmed: "I could be sure of it, I think, without proof, but Lady Sarah's initials are there, as she describes to have scratched them."

"It is not beyond the range of possibility that initials may have been scratched on this bracelet, without its being the same," observed Lady Livingstone.

"I think it must be the same," mused Sir Jasper. "It looks suspicious."

"Lady Frances Chenevix understood you to say you bought this of Messrs. Garrard," resumed Miss Seaton.

Lady Livingstone felt rather foolish. "What I said was, that Messrs. Garrard were my jewellers. The fact is, *I* do not know exactly where this was bought: but I did not consider myself called upon to proclaim that fact to a young lady who was a stranger to me, and in answer to questions I thought verging on impertinence."

"Her anxiety, scarcely less than my own, may have rendered her abrupt," replied Alice, by way of apology for Lady Frances. "Our hope is not so much to regain the bracelet, as to penetrate the mystery of its disappearance. Can you not let me know where you did buy it?"

"I can," interposed Sir Jasper: "there's no disgrace in having bought it where I did. I got it at a pawnbroker's."

Alice's heart beat violently. A pawnbroker's! what dreaded discovery was at hand?

"I was one day at the east end of London, walking past, when I saw a topas-and-amethyst cross in a pawnbroker's window. I thought it would be a pretty ornament for my wife, and I went in and asked to look at it. In talking about jewelry with the master, he reached out this diamond bracelet, and told me *that* would be a present worth making. Now I knew my lady's head had been running on a diamond bracelet, and I was tempted to ask what was the lowest figure he would put it at. He said it was the most valuable article of the sort he had had for a long while, the diamonds of the first water, worth four hundred guineas of anybody's money, but that being second-hand he could part with it for two hundred and fifty. And I bought it. There's where I got the bracelet, ma'am."

"That was just the money Colonel Hope gave for it new, at Garrard's," said Alice. "Two hundred and fifty guineas."

Sir Jasper stared at her: and then broke forth with a comical attempt at rage, for he was one of the best-tempered men in the world.

"The old wretch of a Jew! Sold it to me at second-hand price, as he called it, for the identical sum it cost new! Why, he ought to be prosecuted for usury."

"It is just what I tell you, Sir Jasper," grumbled his lady: "you will go to these low, second-hand dealers, who always cheat where they can, instead of to a regular jeweller; and nine times out of ten you get taken in."

"But your having bought it of this pawnbroker does not bring me any nearer the knowing how he procured it," observed Miss Seaton.

"I shall go to him this very day and ascertain," returned Sir Jasper. "Tradespeople may not sell stolen bracelets with impunity."

Easier said than done. The dealer protested his ignorance and innocence, and declared he had bought it in the regular course of business, at one of the pawnbrokers' periodical sales. And the man spoke truth, and the detectives were again applied to.

In an obscure room of a low and dilapidated lodging-house, in a low and dilapidated neighborhood, there sat a man one evening in the coming twilight; a towering, gaunt skeleton, whose remarkably long arms and legs looked little less than skin and bone. The arms were fully exposed to view, since their owner, though he possessed and wore a waistcoat, dispensed with the use of a shirt. An article, once a coat, lay on the floor, to be donned at will—if it could be got into for the holes. The man sat on the floor in a corner, his head finding a resting-place against the wall, and he had dropped into a light sleep, but if ever famine was depicted in a face, it was in his. Unwashed, unshaven, with matted hair and feverish lips; the cheeks were hollow, the nostrils white and pinched, and the skin round the mouth had a blue tinge. Some one tried and shook the door; it aroused him, and he started up, but only to cower in a bending attitude and listen.

"I hear you," cried a voice. "How are you to-night, Joe? Open the door."

The voice was not one he knew; not one that might be responded to.

"Do you call this politeness, Joe Nicholls? If you don't open the door, I shall take the liberty of opening it for myself; which will put you to the trouble of mending the fastenings afterwards."

"Who are you?" cried Nicholls, reading determination in the voice. "I'm gone to bed, and can't admit folks to-night."

"Gone to bed at eight o'clock?"

"Yes; I'm ill."

"I give you one minute, and then I come in. You will open it if you wish to save trouble."

Nicholls yielded to his fate; and opened the door.

The gentleman—he looked like one—cast his keen eyes round the room. There was not a vestige of furniture in it; nothing but the bare, dirty walls, from which the mortar crumbled, and the bare, dirty boards.

"What did you mean by saying you were gone to bed, eh?"

"So I was. I was asleep there," pointing to the corner, "and that's my bed. What do you want?" added Nicholls, peering at the stranger's face in the gloom of the evening, but seeing it imperfectly, for his hat was drawn low over it.

"A little talk with you. The last sweepings [illegible]."

The man lifted his face, and came forth with such eagerness, that the stranger could only arrest his own words, and listen.

"It was a swindle from beginning to end. I had scraped together the ten shillings to put in it; and I drew the right horse, and was shuffled out of the gains, and I have never had my dues, not a farthing of 'em. Since then I've been ill, and I can't get about to better myself. Are you come, sir, to make it right?"

"Some"—the stranger coughed—"friends of mine were in it also," said he; "and they lost their money."

"Everybody lost it; the getters-up bolted with all they had drawn into their fingers. Have they been took, do you know?"

"All in good time; they have left their trail. So you have been ill, have you?"

"Ill! just take a sight at me! There's a arm for a big man."

He stretched out his naked arm for inspection; it appeared as if a touch would snap it. The stranger laid his hand upon its fingers, and his other hand appeared to be stealing furtively towards his own pocket.

"I should say this looks like starvation, Joe."

"Some'at nigh akin to it."

A pause of unsuspicion, and the handcuffs were clapped on the astonished man. He started up with an oath.

"No need to make a noise, Nicholls," said the detective, with a careless air. "I have got two men waiting outside."

"I swear I wasn't in the plate robbery," passionately uttered the man. "I knew of it, but I didn't join 'em, and I never had the worth of as much as a saltspoon, after it was melted down. And they call me a coward, and they leave me here to starve and die! I swear I wasn't in it."

"We'll talk of the plate robbery another time," said the officer, as he raised his hat; "you have got those bracelets on, my man, for another sort of bracelet. A diamond one. Don't you remember me?"

The prisoner's mouth fell.

"I thought that was over and done with, all this time—I don't know what you mean," he added, correcting himself.

"No," said the officer, "it's just beginning. The bracelet is found, and has been traced to you. You were a clever fellow, and I had my doubts of you at the time; I thought you were too clever to go on long."

"I should be ashamed to play the sneak and catch a fellow in this way. Why couldn't you come openly, in your proper clothes? not come playing the spy in the garb of a friendly civilian?"

"My men are in their 'proper clothes,'" returned the equable officer, "and you will have the honor of their escort presently. I came because they did not know you, and I did."

"Three officers to take a single man, and he a skeleton!" uttered Nicholls, with a vast show of indignation.

"Ay; but you were powerful once, and

ferocious, too. The skeleton aspect is a recent one."

"And all for nothing. I don't know about any bracelet."

"Don't trouble yourself with inventions, Nicholls. Your friend is safe in our hands, and has made a full confession."

"What friend?" asked Nicholls, too eagerly.

"The lady you got to dispose of it for you to the Jew."

Nicholls was startled to incaution.

"She hasn't split, has she?"

"Every particular she knew or guessed at. Split to save herself."

"Then there's no faith in woman."

"There never was yet," returned the officer. "If they are not at the top and bottom of every mischief, Joe, they are sure to be in the middle. Is this your coat?" touching it gingerly.

"She's a disgrace to the female sex, she is," raved Nicholls, disregarding the question as to his coat. "But it's a relief, now I'm took, it's a weight off my mind; I was always a expecting of it, and I shall get food in the Old Bailey, at any rate."

"Ah," said the officer, "you were in good service as a respectable servant; you had better have stuck to your duties."

"The temptation was so great," observed the man, who had evidently abandoned all idea of denial; and now that he had done so, was ready to be voluble with remembrances and particulars.

"Don't say anything to me," said the officer. "It will be used against you."

"It came along of my long legs," cried Nicholls, ignoring the friendly injunction, and proceeding to enlarge on the feat he had performed. "I have never had a happy hour since; I was second footman there, and a good place I had; and I have wished, thousands of times, that the bracelet had been in a sea of molten fire. Our folks had took a house in the neighborhood of Ascot for the race week, and they had left me at home to take care of the kitchen-maid and another inferior or two, taking the rest of the servants with them. I had to clean the winders afore they returned, and I had druv it off till the Thursday evening, and out I got on the balqueny, to begin with the back drawing-room—"

"What do you say you got out on?"

"The balqueny. The thing with the green rails round it, what encloses the winders. While I was a leaning over the rails afore I begun, I heered something like click—click, a going on in the fellow room at the next door, which was Colonel Hope's. It was like as if something light was being laid on a table, and presently I heered two voices begin to talk, a lady's and a gentleman's, and I listened—"

"No good ever comes of listening, Joe," interrupted the officer.

"I didn't listen for the sake of listening, but it was awful hot, a standing outside there in the sun, and listening was better than working. I didn't want to hear, neither, for I was thinking of my own concerns, and what a fool I was to have idled away my time all day till the sun came on to the back winders. Bit by bit, I heered what they were talking of—that it was jewels they had got there, and that one was worth two hundred guineas. Thinks I, if that was mine, I'd do no more work. After a while, I heered them go out of their room, and I thou[illegible]e a look at the rich things, and I stepped over slanting-ways on to the little ledge running along the houses, holding on by our balqueny, and then I passed my hands along the wall till I got hold of their balqueny—but one with ordinary legs and arms couldn't have done it. You couldn't, sir."

"Perhaps not," remarked the officer.

"There wasn't fur to fall, if I had fell, only on to the kitchen leads under; but I didn't fall, and I raised myself on to their balqueny, and looked in. My! what a show it was! stunning jewels, all laid out there; so close that if I had put my hand inside, it must have struck all among 'em; and the fiend prompted me to take one. I didn't stop to look; I didn't stop to think; the one that twinkled the brightest and had the most stones in it was the nearest to me, and I clutched it, and slipped it into my footman's undress jacket, and stepped back again."

"And got safe into your balcony."

"Yes; but I didn't clean the winder that night. I was upset, like, by what I had done, and I think, if I could have put it back again, I should; but there was no opportunity. I wrapped it up in my winder leather, and then in a sheet of paper, and then I put it up the chimbley in one of the spare bedrooms. I was up the next morning afore five, and I cleaned my winders: I'd no trouble to awake myself, for I had never slept. The same day, towards evening, you called, sir, and asked me some questions—whether we had seen any one on the leads at the back, and such like. I said as master was just come home from Ascot, would you be pleased to speak to him."

"Ah!" again remarked the officer, "you were a clever fellow that day. But if my suspicions had not been strongly directed to another quarter, I might have looked you up more sharply."

"I kep' it by me for a month or two, and then I gave warning to leave. I thought I'd have my fling, and I became acquainted with her—that lady—and somehow she wormed out of me that I had got it, and I let her dispose of it for me, for she said she knew how to do it without danger."

"What did you get for it?"

The skeleton shook his head. "Thirty-four pound, and I had counted on a hundred and fifty. She took a oath she had not helped herself to a sixpence."

"Oaths are plentiful with the genus," remarked the detective.

"She stood to it she hadn't, and she stopped and helped me to spend it. After that was done, she went over to stop with somebody else who was in luck; and I have tried to go on, and I can't: honestly or dishonestly it seems all one, nothing prospers, and I'm naked and famishing—and I wish I was dying."

"Evil courses never do prosper, Nicholls," said the officer, as he called in the policemen, and consigned the gentleman to their care.

So Gerard was innocent!

"But how was it you skillful detectives could not be on this man's scent?" asked Colonel Hope of the officer, when he heard the tale.

"Colonel, I was thrown off it. Your positive belief in your nephew's guilt infected me, and appearances were very strong against him. Miss Seaton also helped to throw me off: she said, if you remember, that she did not leave the room; but it now appears that she did leave it when your nephew did, though only for a few moments. Those few moments sufficed to do the job."

"It's strange she could not tell the exact truth," growled the colonel.

"She probably thought she was exact enough, since she only remained outside the door, and could answer for it that no one entered by it. She forgot the window. I thought of the window the instant the loss was mentioned to me, but Miss Seaton's assertion that she never had the window out of her view, prevented my dwelling on it. I did go to the next door, and saw this very fellow who committed the robbery, but his manner was sufficiently satisfactory. He talked too freely; I did not like that; but I found he had been in the same service fifteen months: and, as I must repeat, I laid the guilt to another."

"It is a confoundedly unpleasant affair for me," cried the colonel; "I have published my nephew's disgrace and guilt all over London."

"It is more unpleasant for him, colonel," was the rejoinder of the officer.

"And I have kept him short of money, and suffered him to be sued for debt; and I have let him go and live amongst the runaway scamps over the water, and not hindered his engaging himself as a merchant's clerk: and in short, I have played the very deuce with him."

"But reparation is doubtless in your own heart and hands, colonel."

"I don't know that, sir," testily concluded the colonel.

Once more Gerard Hope entered his uncle's house; not as an interloper, stealing into it in secret, but as an honored guest, to whom reparation was due, and must be made. Alice Seaton leaned back in her invalid chair, a joyous flush on her wasted cheek, and a joyous happiness in her eye. Still the shadow of coming death was there, and Mr. Hope was shocked to see her—more shocked and startled than he had expected, or chose to express.

"Oh, Alice! what has done this?"

"That," she answered, pointing to the bracelet, which, returned to its true owner, lay on the table. "I should not have lived many years; of that I am convinced; but I might have lived a little longer than I now shall. It has been the cause of misery to many, and Lady Sarah says she shall never regard it but as an ill-starred trinket, or wear it with any pleasure."

"But, Alice, why should you have suffered it thus to affect you?" he remonstrated. "You knew your own innocence, and you say you believed and trusted in mine; what did you fear?"

"I will tell you, Gerard," she resumed, a deeper hectic rising to her cheeks. "I could not have confessed my fear, even in dying; it was too distressing, too terrible; but now that it is all clear, I will tell it. *I believed my sister had taken the bracelet.*"

He uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"I have believed it all along. She had called to see me that night, and was, for a minute or two, in the room alone with the bracelets; I knew she, at that time, was short of money, and I feared she had been tempted to take it—just as this unfortunate servant man was tempted. Oh, Gerard, the dread of it has been upon me night and day, preying upon my fears, weighing down my spirits, wearing away my health and my life. And I had to bear it all in silence; it is that dreadful silence which has killed me."

"Alice, this must have been a morbid fear."

"Not so—if you knew all. But now that I have told you, let us not revert to it again; it is at an end, and I am very thankful. That it should so end, has been my prayer and hope; not quite the only hope," she added, looking up at him with a sunny smile; "I have had another."

"What is it? You look as if it were connected with me."

"So it is. Ah, Gerard! can you not guess it?"

"No," he answered, in a stifled voice, "I can only guess that you are lost to me."

"Lost to all here. Have you forgotten our brief conversation, the night you went into exile? I told you then there was one far more worthy of you than I could have ever been."

"None will ever be half so worthy; or—I will say it, Alice, in spite of your warning hand—half so loved."

"Gerard," she continued, sinking her voice, "she has waited for you."

"Nonsense," he rejoined.

"She has. I have watched, and seen, and I know it; and I tell it you under secrecy; when she is your wife, not before, you may tell her that I saw it and said it. She is a lovable and attractive girl, and she does not and will not marry; you are the cause."

"My darling—"

"Stay, Gerard," she gravely interrupted; "those words of endearment are not for me. Give them to her; can you deny that you love her?"

"Perhaps I do—in a degree. Next to yourself—"

"Put me out of your thoughts while we speak. If I were—where I so soon shall be, would she not be dearer to you than any one on earth? would you not be well pleased to make her your wife?"

"Yes, I might be."

"That is enough, Gerard. Frances, come hither."

The conversation had been carried on in a whisper, and Lady Frances Chenevix came towards them from a distant window. Alice took her hand; she also held Gerard's.

"I thought you were talking secrets," said Lady Frances, "so kept away."

"As we were," answered Alice. "Frances, what can we do to keep him among us? Do you know what Colonel Hope has told him?"

"No. What?"

"That though he shall be reinstated in favor as to money matters, he shall not be in his affection or in the house, unless he prove sorry for his rebellion by retracting it. The rebellion, you know, at the first outbreak, when Gerard was expelled the house—before that unlucky bracelet was ever bought. I think he is sorry for it; you must help him to be more so."

"Fanny," said Gerard, while her eyelids drooped, and the damask mantled in her cheek, deeper than Alice's hectic, "*will* you help me?"

"As if I could make out head or tail of what you two are discussing!" cried she, by way of helping herself out of her confusion, as she attempted to turn away; but Gerard caught her to his side and detained her.

"Fanny—will you drive me again from the house?"

She lifted her eyes, twinkling with a little spice of mischief: "I did not drive you before."

"In a manner, yes," he laughed. "Do you know what did drive me?"

She had known it at the time; and Gerard read it in her conscious face.

"I see it all," he murmured, drawing her closer to him; "you have been far kinder to me than I deserved. Fanny, let me try and repay you for it."

Frances endeavored to look dignified, but it would not do, and she was obliged to brush away the tears of happiness that struggled to her eyes. Alice caught their hands together and held them between her own, with a mental aspiration for their life's future happiness. Some time back she could not have breathed it in so fervent a spirit; but—as she had said—the present world and its hopes had closed to her.

"But you know, Gerard," cried Lady Francis, in a saucy tone, "if you ever do help yourself to a bracelet in reality, you must not expect me to go to prison with you."

"Yes I shall," answered he, far more saucily; "a wife must follow the fortunes of her husband." THE END.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FARM LIFE. We will endeavor to find room for the Letter of a Farmer in our next paper.

J. P. D. Have forwarded your letter to G. G.

SCOTCH. Send us your real address.

Respectfully declined:—"An Autumn Day;" "To the Comet;" "What a Poor Man Died Of."

H. H. Albany. You can get the works you wish at Landreth's Agricultural Warehouse in this city.

A SUBSCRIBER wants some one of our readers to tell him the process of curing tobacco, how it is ambered, etc.

LILLIAN. Consult a good physician.

J. HENRY SMITH, of Equinauk, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, sends us the story of some mighty squashes he has raised this season. Sixteen winter squashes, weighing together 1,958½ pounds! The largest squash weighed 211 pounds, and measured 7 feet 9½ inches round! The next largest, weighed 170 pounds, and measured 7 feet 9 inches round. A third squash weighed 163½ pounds, and measured 6 feet 9 inches round. These squashes are as great in quality as in quantity. From one raised last year, weighing 135 pounds, 702 seeds were taken, and from those seeds the present pile of mammoth squashes have sprung. Mr. Smith gave ten seeds to all that applied for them last spring—so that the neighbors had a fine crop among them. Well done, Mr. Smith, and may all farmers profit by your example!

LEGAL HONESTY.

The following anecdote, from the *Boston Ledger*, is going the rounds of the papers:—

WEBSTER MATCHED BY A WOMAN.—In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court some years ago, Mr. Webster appeared as counsellor for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. William Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly-looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character, was called to the stand as a witness on the opposite side from Mr. Webster. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the Court and Jury. He, therefore, resolved, if possible, to break her up. And when she answered to the first question put to her, "I believe," Webster roared out, "we don't want to hear what you believe; we want to hear what you know!" Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony. And notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff-box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto; and then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall. Webster—"Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?" Mrs. Greenough—"I cannot give you very full information as to that, Sir: she had one very dirty trick." Webster—"What's that, ma'am?" Mrs. Greenough—"She took snuff!" The roar of the Court-house was such that the future defender of the Constitution subsided, and neither rose nor spoke again until after Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness—having ample time to reflect upon the inglorious history of the man who had a stone thrown on his head by a woman.

What a pretty revelation the above furnishes as to the practices of the legal profession. Just think of a lawyer, even of Mr. Webster's high standing and endowments, striving deliberately to pervert the course of justice, by endeavoring to brow-beat and confuse a witness—and that witness a woman!—whose self-evident honesty and intelligence justly gave her testimony great weight! We need not insult the intelligence of our readers by saying that no lawyer is justified in such a course of conduct. He is bound to see that his client has fair play, has justice done him; but if a counsel through the force of his character, position, or intellectual endowments, perverts the course of justice, and obtains the sanction of the Courts for a deed of unfairness and fraud, he becomes a party himself to such wickedness, and before a higher tribunal than any that exists on earth, will be made to answer for his crime.

We have heard of a young lawyer in this city, who rushed into the office of a brother of the profession, exclaiming triumphantly that he had won a case against "both the law and the evidence." As if this were a thing for an honest man to exult over. As if it were a thing to be proud, instead of ashamed of. He may have enabled his client to hold on to thousands of dollars to which he had no just claim—but, in the sight of heaven, was he less an aider and abetter in fraud, because the deed was done by blinding the eyes of a weak judge and an ignorant jury?

No lawyer is required to aid thus in theft, injustice and crime—and if it were required, the law would be no profession for honest men.

And the members of the legal profession who thus pander to and defend what is mean and vile, with "all their mind and might," are not only parties to the grossest private wrongs, and the resulting private grief and suffering, but are among the worst enemies of the State. When the Courts of Justice have lost the confidence of the people, where can any confidence be placed? Will the Executive or Legislative power be regarded as pure and untarnished by those who believe that even the sacred seat of Justice is defiled? And thus every unjust decision, every failure to punish notorious criminals on account of their political or social connections—though it may be a matter of triumph to some able and unscrupulous lawyer—is a stab at the very inmost life of the State.

And where are we—the people of this country—now? Are the members of the legal profession ashamed to avow that they will go "to the death" for their clients, those that can pay them well—to the death of their own consciences, of justice, and of the State? And, as a parallel truth, is not the public faith in the integrity of our Courts, up to the very highest and supremest of them, greatly impaired? Only one answer, a sad and disgraceful affirmative, can be given, we think, to these questions. For where is the lawyer, however talented, whose services could not be procured for the worst of causes—and where is the man so demented as to suppose that simply because he has justice on his side, will the verdict also be in his favor?

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Some undertakings seem to be unfortunate from the very start. The Crystal Palace of New York, recently consumed by fire, was one of these. The first cost of the building, &c., was the snug little sum of $750,000. The receipts of the Exhibition afterwards cleared off about $100,000 of that amount. No stockholder or bondholder ever received a penny of dividend or interest—the whole amount contributed being totally and entirely submerged in a manner eminently "whole-boggish" and New Yorkish. There was nothing "little" about the affair, except the re-payments. Even that eminent and model New Yorker, the illustrious Barnum, of "Tom Thumb" notoriety, could not make the Palace pay. Finally the City, which had given a five-years' lease of the ground on which the building was erected, took possession at the expiration of the lease, and had the Palace in possession when the fire occurred. Of course this opens a very pretty legal question as to whether the City is or is not accountable to the Association for the value of the building—a question which, with the help of able lawyers, and an impartial judiciary, will probably be settled sometime in the next century.

The Crystal Palace, to give its projectors and owners their due, was a beautiful erection of its kind. Built of "iron" and glass, its destruction in some half an-hour seems rather inexplicable. It raises the question whether all that appeared to be iron really was iron. It is a great pity that what cost thus three-quarters of a million of dollars, besides the value of the articles on exhibition, should be lost to the world by simple carelessness or recklessness. For, with steam power already in the building, arrangements at a slight expense could have been made which would have rendered a conflagration almost an impossibility. But then the New Yorkers doubtless would never tolerate the use of steam in putting out a fire—hand-power or nothing seems to be their motto.

Well, we sincerely sympathize with New York in her calamity. Such a loss as that of the Crystal Palace cannot be repaired. $750,000 is not raised in a hurry, even in Gotham; especially for an enterprise that will not pay. The next time our New York brethren have that much to devote to a public building, we would advise them to imitate the marble and fire-proof solidity of our Girard College, which nothing short of an earthquake can impair. But every people to their peculiar genius—and perhaps New York as inevitably rears a showy but fragile Crystal Palace, as Philadelphia builds a grand and massive Girard College.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

It is somewhat singular how little of the public attention has been attracted by the contemplated armed expedition to Paraguay, authorized by a resolution of the last session of Congress. It seems to be taken for granted that Paraguay will either succumb immediately—coming down from the branch at once, on sight of who is after her, like Captain Scott's "coon"—or else that it will require very little effort to chastise her into a proper degree of humility. And yet, according to a letter from Washington, the report is current in naval circles that Lopez has sent down word to our fleet at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, that "he is ready," and inviting them up stream. An invitation which, if made, they doubtless, with the proverbial readiness of the American character for a frolic or a fight, will be very uneasy until they are able duly to honor.

The expedition, complete, will number sixteen vessels, carrying two hundred and five guns, with a land and naval force of two thousand eight hundred men, under the command of Commodore—not Admiral—Shubrick. Judge Bowlin, the Commissioner, is instructed to demand from President Lopez, an apology for the insult to the American flag perpetrated by the attack upon the Water Witch, reparation for the injuries done to American citizens, and a liberal commercial treaty. In default of a compliance with these demands, he is to proceed to hostilities.

After the settlement of this affair with Paraguay, the expedition, if not much impaired in its efficiency, will "show itself," it is said, in several of the South American States, particularly in those with which our Government has long had unsettled accounts. That it will not do more than "show itself" is probable, unless the requisite power be obtained from Congress at the ensuing session of that body. And yet, as we see by the recent foreign news, Spain seems to have taken fresh alarm at something or other, and has ordered three thousand more men, and all her unemployed vessels of war, to Cuba. This looks somewhat as if she feared that the expedition, after showing around a little in South America, might make a sudden descent upon Havana—the Executive securing it first, and obtaining the necessary authorization of the act from Congress afterwards. It is amusing to see Spain take such great alarm on what seems such little provocation—but she evidently believes that "eternal vigilance is the price of *Cuba*."

CIVIL WAR.

The following vivid picture of the disastrous effects of that most dreadful and cruel of all wars—civil war—in Mexico, is given by the correspondent of the *New Orleans Picayune*:—

I regret to say that our civil war has of late produced evidence that, if it be continued, this country must soon, very soon, become a heap of ruins, embellished by an overgrowth of rapacity in all its parasitical forms. So far, the contest has produced monstrous disasters to the country. In brief, they may be summed up as follows:

The desolation and abandonment of twenty or thirty towns;

The banishment from their homes of at least 200,000 persons;

The abandonment of hundreds of haciendas;

The complete stagnation of all branches of trade and industry;

The outraging of many females by the rabble soldiery;

The useless employment of 50,000 persons in keeping up civil war, and their consequent demoralization;

The sacrifice of $100,000,000 in money, animals, food, clothing, grain, &c., taken by forces for the maintenance of the civil war, and in the property actually destroyed in consequence of these feuds.

These are already the proceeds of seven months' strife, and still the fires of civil discord burn, and the indications are that the flames are but in a state of infancy. The struggle that has so long been sustained on nominal political principles is now rapidly changing into a demoniac war of castes, to carry with it the enactment of those atrocities which characterize the savage, and set aside all the rules of civilized or half-civilized peoples. There can be no mistake in saying that all the worst passions of the native Indians are now being worked upon to incite them to make a relentless war upon those who have become their masters, and converted into fruitful fields their old hunting grounds. I have seen lately several most inflammatory proclamations circulated among their *pueblos*, urging the natives, "the rightful owners of the soil," as they are pleased to call themselves, to rise *en masse* and extirpate from their lands their unprincipled plunderers and heartless task-masters.

If the condition of Mexico be as it is above represented—and we have no reason to suppose the picture overdrawn—we can see at once the reason why nations often so joyfully embrace the most absolute Despotism. Such a condition of Anarchy and Lawless Violence as described above, seems to be the very worst into which a people can be plunged. Even the calm of Despotism is a relief to those tormented with that "legion of devils" included in the terms "civil war" and a "war of castes."

FREE SPEECH IN ENGLAND.—That the English press is not at all mealy-mouthed in the utterance of its sentiments, the following extract from the *London Times* of Aug. 28th, will prove:—

"The essence of all royalty is superstition. A constitutional monarch is a contradiction of terms, and unites many anomalies and absurdities. Even in our own comparatively enlightened country, everything being done in the Queen's name is an absurdity. The enlightened know it is a fiction; the unenlightened are greatly misled by it, expecting of the sovereign much more than can be obtained. In fact, constitutional monarchy is nothing but the compromise which reason makes with superstition for the sake of peace and quietness."

It will be observed that the above strikes at the very foundation stone, as it were, of the British Constitution. And yet it is the utterance of a print that circulates among the highly conservative, not the radical, classes of England. Such freedom of speech is as honorable to the hearers as to the speakers, and denotes no mean capacity for progress and improvement.

DR. KANE'S TRIP TO THE ARCTIC SEAS is a new game for the children. Published by V. S. W. Parkhurst, Providence, R. I., and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES, by MISS PARDOE, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is a cheap reprint of a popular novel.

☞ The "*Templar's Magazine*" refers in eulogistic terms to Grace Greenwood's recent letters descriptive of a visit to her childhood's home, published in THE POST, and closes by saying:—"A description, by such a writer, calls up childhood's scenes with a vividness that cannot be equalled by anything short of an actual visit, and makes us yearn for *one more look* at the old homestead."

Apropos to the above, we may state that a beautiful letter just received from Grace, will appear next week.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. The Rev. Alfred Nevin, D. D., is delivering a series of five lectures before the Alexander Young Men's Christian Association, at the Tabernacle, corner of 19th and Green streets in this city. The first lecture was given on Thursday evening, Oct. 7th—the lectures to be continued weekly. Tickets to be had of Gaut & Volkmar, booksellers, 609 Chestnut street.

New Publications.

IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL, by MRS. EDMUND HORNBY (James Challen & Son, Philada.,) is a very brilliant book of observation and experience in the Orient. Mrs. Hornby was the wife of a resident English official, and moving in the best English and Turkish society at and around Stamboul, and even in the august presence of the Sultan himself, she enjoyed unusual facilities for noticing the more aristocratic life of the Moslems. The personality of the author is strongly apparent in the book, which is microscopically observant, picturesque, elegant, shrewd, lively and good-natured. It is like a modern page added to the Arabian Nights, and fills the mind with a succession of gay, living pictures of the East. Ladies interested in the fashions, will be particularly pleased with the minute descriptions of costumes which Mrs. Hornby delights to give, and which dazzle the eye of the mind with their details of bright colors, embroidery and "barbaric pearl and gold."

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY, by CHARLES A. DANA, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) does not belie its title, for it is just such a book of poetry as one would wish for household reading. We know of no collection of verse that is so uniformly excellent, and that is compiled with a taste at once so delicate and catholic, and a judgment at once so discriminating and impartial. The poems are gathered from all nations and ages, without reference to nationality or celebrity, the sole standard being their intrinsic poetic merit; and we can safely say that if all the good poems are not here, all the poems that are here are certainly good. They are arranged into divisions corresponding with their ideas and character—thus giving us poems of nature, of childhood, of friendship, of love, of ambition, of comedy, of tragedy and sorrow, of sentiment and reflection, and of religion.

K. N. PEPPER AND OTHER CONDIMENTS PUT UP FOR GENERAL USE, by JACQUES MAURICE, (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) is the frolicsome title of a volume which contains among other drolleries, those comical "pomes" of K. N. Pepper, known to all readers of newspapers, since all newspapers have circulated the effusions of this great "pote." It is seldom that such downright foolery is so irresistibly funny.

A MEMOIR OF THE REV. DAVID TAPPAN STODDARD, by JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D., (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., Boston) is the life of a gentle, self-accusing, hard-working missionary to the Nestorians, among whom he died.

TACK TO THE LAST; OR, ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA, (Derby & Jackson, New York,) is a clever story, cheerful, graphic, and good.

THE TRUSTEES' STATEMENT (Van Benthuysen, Albany,) in the matter of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, has been issued in pamphlet form, and makes part of the history of a very pretty quarrel, with which we do not feel we have anything to do.

WEBSTER AND HAYNE'S SPEECHES IN THE SENATE ON MR. FOOT'S RESOLUTION of January, 1830. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE CITIZEN'S MANUAL OF GOVERNMENT AND LAW (H. Dayton, New York,) is a handy book to have by one. Its nature and scope are well indicated by its title.

THE ORANGE.

It ripened by the river banks,
Where—mask and moonlight aiding—
Dons Whiskerandos play sad pranks,
Dark donnas serenading.

By a Moorish maiden it was plucked,
Who broke some hearts, they say, then;
By a Saxon sweetheart it was sucked,
Who threw the peel away then.

How little thought the London fair,
Or the dark-eyed girl of Seville,
That *I* should reel upon that peel,
And find my proper level.

—*Frederick Locker.*

☞ When Doctor H——— and Sergeant A——— were walking arm-in-arm, a wag observed to a friend: "Those two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why so?" was the response. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it's a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

TIME has laid his hand
Upon my life gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations!

—*Longfellow.*

☞ A scientific friend of ours has discovered the cause of the potato blight. He ascribes it to the *rot-tator-y* movement of the earth.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years;
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

—*Tennyson.*

☞ There is nothing so bad which will not admit of something to be said in its defence.—*Sterne.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE SWORD AND THE PRUNING-HOOK—THE COTTON TRADE IN EUROPE—AN EXPENSIVE CIGAR—A RELIC OF CHAOS—WHO TEACHES THE THRUSHES?—ZOOLOGICAL PUZZLE—A MARVELLOUS CURE—A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

Paris, September 16, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Exhibition of Dijon, mentioned in my last, has been brought to a "finishing crisis" by the ceremony of the distribution of prizes by Marshal Vaillant, sent thither by the Emperor to perform that duty in his name. After the distribution, a grand dinner united all the leaders and promoters of the Exhibition, the laureats of the various departments, and the authorities and literary personages of the locality.

Marshal Vaillant's appointment to the office of distributing the prizes created at first some surprise, as it seemed singular that a function so eminently peaceful should be committed to the hands of a military man. But the brave Marshal is a native of Burgundy, and much attached to that district; and is, moreover, one ters of the most zealous and enlightened promoof agricultural improvement of whom France can boast. During his away in Algeria, he not only did much to develope the natural facilities of the country, but diligently sought out, and transmitted to France all the native plants, trees, grains, animals and birds, which appeared fitted for acclimation in this country. The French Acclimation Society has been, in fact, materially assisted by him; and counts him for one of its most valuable members. He has formed the valuable "Permanent Exhibition of Algerian Products," which, after figuring in the great show of 1855, has since been greatly increased, and is now established in a suit of rooms at the war-office in this city. As agricultural and textile products formed an important item in the Dijon display, the soldier who has shown so much interest in these matters was by no means an unsuitable person to represent the Emperor on this occasion.

The efforts now making in France to enlighten the agricultural body, and to stimulate the manufacturers to increased activity, will evidently not be thrown away; and a period of wider prosperity is no doubt being thus prepared. But, at the present time, the contrast being the amount of work accomplished by France, and that got through with by Great Britain, is certainly very striking, and seems to be anything than an agreeable subject of contemplation for the former. The results of certain recent statistics with regard to the trades of the United Kingdom are now going the rounds of the French press, which, startled out of its complacency thereby, seem divided between admiration of so colossal a development of industry, and that strange and almost childish form of international jealousy which never fails to show itself when the French mind recurs to this topic, and which leads French writers to regard the prosperity of England as being developed at their expense. Great as is the contrast referred to, in the iron trade for instance, it is none the less startling in many others, and, just now, it is perhaps the magnitude attained by the cotton trade of the United Kingdom that is exciting this feeling of envy most strongly here; nor is it strange that the statistics of this branch of British industry should appear somewhat astonishing in this land of brilliant theorizing; for it appears that while the weight of cotton worked up in Europe during the five years between 1781 and 1785, was but 10,800,000 lbs., it increased, in a similar period, from 1791 to 1795, to 27,400,000 lbs.; from 1801 to 1805, 56,600,000 lbs.; 1811 to 1815, 79,680,000 lbs.; 1821 to 1825, 152,000,000 lbs.; 1831 to 1835, 313,510,000 lbs.; 1841 to 1845, 585,000,000 lbs.; 1851 to 1855, to 711,500,000 lbs.; and had reached, in 1856, to the enormous amount of 913,800,000 lbs.; and that of this quantity, which has nearly centupled the weight worked up 80 years ago, Great Britain alone consumes two-thirds. It further appears that, but for the invention of machinery, the quantity of raw cotton worked up in England, in 1856, would require 91 millions of workpeople; i. e. the entire population of the three great States, France, Austria, and Prussia. The 2,210 large English spinning-mills now occupy 379,200 workmen, who have only to watch the machines. The latter, by means of 88,000 steam horse-power, and 9,130 hydraulic horse power, give movement to 20 millions of spindles. As each horse-power represents on an average the power of sixteen men, and as most of the machines work day and night, there is a total power of 1,508,000 men employed. In consequence of the improvements in the machinery in England and Scotland, a single horse-power, which, in 1850, put in movement 275 spindles, now moves on an average 315. The gain of the workmen increases in direct proportion with the improvement of the machines. One man who could not formerly superintend more than from 500 to 1,000 spindles can now, according to his skill, manage from 1,500 to 2,000. His wages have consequently increased from twenty shillings a week, in England, to thirty shillings. A population of no less than two millions of persons, in England, is connected either directly or indirectly with the cotton trade, being nearly the fourteenth part of the population of the United Kingdom. In comparison with the rate of production attained by England, that of France, large though it be when compared with that of other continental centres, seems very small; and her people, as usual, when such a comparison is brought before them, begin to cry out about the "monopolising tendencies," and "the selfish absorption" of perfidious Albion. The staple prejudices of this pleasant people with regard to matters and things beyond its own borders are not a little amusing; but it is to be hoped that they will gradually be dissipated, thanks to railways and telegraphs, and all the other magnificent social Apostles of Brotherhood and Goodwill of which they are no doubt only the precursors.

The French papers publish every week a special article destined to bring their readers up with the "latest news" in the scientific world; many of these papers are very well got up, and doubtless do much to spread a general knowledge of physical facts among a class of readers who would otherwise know but little about them. Occasionally, however, one lights upon "facts" of so novel and peculiar a description, that one is compelled into admiration of the talent for adaptation and embroidering, if not for actually inventing, displayed by the writers of these learned reviewings.—Thus, the last weekly "*Chronique Scientifique et Industrielle*" of the *Patrie*—one of the five "leading journals" of Paris, gravely narrates the following, which I transcribe for the edification of the readers of THE POST.

A few days after news had been received in London of the successful immersion of the transatlantic cable, one of the most influential members of the House of Lords presented himself in the telegraphic office, which was scarcely yet organized.

"Mister," said he, to the head clerk of the establishment, "I wish to send an express to the Banks of St. Johns, Newfoundland."

"My lord is doubtless not aware that the new line is not yet open to the public."

"You know who I am. I possess ten thousand shares in the Transatlantic Telegraph Company. Here are two hundred guineas. I beg you to do what I ask."

"My lord is not unaware," returned the head clerk, with a low bow, "that our despatches are only transmitted at the rate of one word per minute. Consequently he can only receive an answer two hours and a half after the sending of his despatch."

"I will wait for it."

"Let My lord deign to dictate his message."

London, 5 P. M.

Send me the strongest spark your apparatus can produce. Notify me one minute before you send the spark.

He sat down and waited patiently. At forty-five minutes past seven, that is to say, two hours and a half from the time of sending on the message, the telegraph replied:

St. John's, Newfoundland, 10 25 P. M.

In one minute you will receive the spark asked for.

Lord P——— drew from his pocket a cigar-case, took out a trabucos, and applied a bit of tinder to the end of the wire; the spark set fire to the tinder, the lord lighted his cigar, and left the office, gravely smoking.

No sooner was this novel manner of getting fire from another hemisphere known among the gentry, than everybody was eager to imitate it. The doors of the Transatlantic Telegraph Company were besieged during several days by a long file of customers, anxious to light their cigars at a cost of two hundred guineas each. At the present time in all the London Clubs, and even in many of the tobacconists' shops, are lighted lamps, bearing the following inscription: "Fire coming from Newfoundland."

The *Chronique Scientifique et Industrielle* goes on to expatiate on the wonders to be brought about by electricity, and then informs us "there is now to be seen, in New York, a drop of water, visible, and mobile, enclosed in a large lump of rock crystal. This crystal being primitive, the water contained in it is primitive also. The Americans are in raptures, not without reason, at the sight of this wonderful drop of water, which dates from a period long anterior to Noah's deluge; a drop of water forming part of the mysterious floods, doubtless of a nature unknown to us, which covered, in the midst of chaotic Darkness, the surface of the great abyss, when the earth was still without form. The lord who has purchased at so high a price the pleasure of lighting his cigar by an electric spark coming from the United States (*sic*) ought to purchase this lump of crystal, saw it in two, and give himself the pleasure of analyzing the water it contains.—He would thus unite in his life two singular scientific facts worthy of one another."

Having thus disposed, according to his own pleasure, of the phenomenal drop in question, the writer reminds his readers that "a day never passes in which new facts do not come up to disconcert human science, and throw its professors into the utmost perplexity. Science establishes rules, makes classifications, believes herself initiated, after centuries of study and observation, into certain laws of nature, when all of a sudden supervenes some incident, often futile in appearance, which proves that her rules are false, her classifications—established with so much trouble—absurd, and her laws imaginary." This observation made, the writer goes on to observe that "on no subject has science composed more elaborate dissertations than on the instinct of animals, and yet of none is she less able to give a satisfactory explanation;" and calls attention to a couple of facts which he asserts have just occurred under his own observation, and of which he should be delighted to receive a reasonable explanation.

At Chaton, in one of the charming villas that abound in the environs of Paris, a little thrush, scarce a week old, was taken from a nest, by a gentleman residing there, and by him fed, and brought up from its state of infantile nakedness, to that of full fledged birdhood. This experiment having given him a taste for bird-raising, he bought, last June, three little blackbirds, just hatched, which he placed in the cage of the thrush. The following morning he prepared to give breakfast, with the aid of a wooden spoon, to the three little hungry blackbirds, whose yellow beaks were incessantly open, and whose impatient cries seemed to be constantly begging for more. It was no easy matter to get the soaked bread-crumbs into these ravenous little throats; and the gentleman was as much delighted as astonished, to see the thrush, who had never been out of its cage, hop up upon the edge of the cup which contained the bread, take up the sopped crumbs in its beak, and drop them into the open throats of the little blackbirds. It went from one to the other, attentive, brisk, busy, indefatigable. The tenderest mother could not have shown more abnegation and devotion to a first-born child than did this thrush, (itself raised in a cage, and never having had any intercourse with other birds,) lavish on the three helpless little birdlings thus brought by chance into its sphere. Day after day she fed and tended them, and developed a marvellous skill in catching the flies which settled about the cage, and which she would immediately drop into the open throats of the three little blackbirds. Two of these died of gout, a malady to which birds are said to be very subject; but the third is now a fine little fellow, hopping about its cage with great activity, and singing with might and main on the same perch with its adoptive mother. How came the little lonely thrush by its motherly deftness? asked the writer. Probably in the same way as that in which both it and its adopted nursling have arrived at their spontaneous musical skill; but the *how* of all this it would certainly puzzle a savan to explain.

The second of the "facts" thus vouched for by the writer in question, is of a far more surprising nature, and belongs to a class of phenomena which has lately excited much interest in the medical world, who have been busily speculating on analagous cases which have occurred in the human subject of both sexes, as well as among animals, and which appear to be so thoroughly authenticated as to admit of no doubt as to the reality of their occurrence.

It appears then, that there is in the rue St. Sauveur, of this city, a family possessing a dog of a very small breed, which has certainly, though now in its old age, never had any young. Last April this dog espied an unhappy infant cat, an hour or two old, that had been thrown out to die in the gutter of the street. The old dog took the wretched little creature in its mouth, carried it up to the top of the house to which it belonged, rummaged in every direction for bits of rag, and made a sort of nest for it in a dark corner somewhere under the roof. Having dropped the little blind thing into this nest, the self-appointed nurse lay down beside it, licked it, got it warm, and rolled herself round it as though she were going to suckle it. The little cat soon ceased its weak and complaining mewings, and sucked away with all its force at the empty dugs of the benevolent old doggie. A workman who inhabited one of the little rooms which are to be found at the summit of French houses, and near whose door the little dog had taken up its position, was greatly surprised at the sight, and taking pity on the actors in so hopeless an attempt, dipped a bit of rag into milk, and gave to the kitten to suck. Next morning, on repeating his kindly ministrations, he was surprised to see that the teats of the old dog were somewhat swollen. The following day, when he went to feed the kitten for the third time, he found his aid to be altogether unnecessary. The kitten cosily nestling in the long hair of its protectress, was drawing abundant nourishment from the teats of the latter, now fully charged with milk! The kitten is at present a good sized cat, adopted by the family who own the dog which so marvellously enacted the part of a mother to its persecuted infancy. It frightens the old doggie prodigiously by the vivacity of its capers, and excites her anxiety by its passion for getting out on the roof, and performing scaling operations in which the adoptive mamma is unable to follow it. When it comes back from its aerial gambols, it runs at once to the old dog, who receives it with the utmost delight, wagging her tail, licking its smooth coat, caressing it as though to reproach it for the terrors it has given her; and the two generally finish a game of romping tenderness by a nap on the floor, the kitten nestling to the old dog as closely as though still in its sucking days, and the old dog putting her paws round her adopted child as tenderly as though it were her own.

M. De Pene, the writer of an article in *Figaro*, which, as your readers may remember, drew on him the enmity of all the officers of the garrison of Versailles, and led to an encounter in which, when De Pene was already wounded by one officer, a second officer insisted on fighting a second duel with him on the spot, and ran his sword into his lungs, has now entirely recovered from his wounds. The recovery is justly regarded as one of the most extraordinary on record, and shows what may be accomplished by medical skill and devoted nursing. In a letter addressed to Le Nord of Brussels, De Pene remarks that those who saw him lying on the bed, where for forty days and nights he lay hovering between life and death, would not believe that the white corpse-like shadow they then watched over with such devoted kindness, could have turned into the red-cheeked individual who has been gaining flesh and strength at the baths of Germany.

M. Demetz, the excellent founder and Director of the Reformatory School of Mettray, which shows so conclusively what may be done by intelligence, kindness and zeal, when brought to bear on the training of young criminals for a return to an upright and honorable life, has been so much impressed of late by the injurious influence exerted on the minds of children sent to the ordinary houses of correction by parents who find them beyond their own control, that he has begun forming a second establishment destined exclusively for this class of juvenile wrong-doers. May the same success which has followed the efforts of this admirable philanthropist at Mettray, wait on this new attempt; and may every country be blessed by the appearance of earnest and devoted laborers in the social field, able to imitate the example so nobly set before them by the man who has had the honor of taking the lead in the noble work of reforming youthful offenders, and converting them into virtuous and useful members of society!

QUANTUM.

A POET AFRAID OF A PHILOSOPHER.—A writer in the New York Evening Post, who is narrating the incidents of a trip to the Saranac Lakes, tells the following brief story about Longfellow and Emerson—"This reminds me of a joke that was current at the Philosophers' Camp about Emerson. This gentleman was noted for being somewhat abstracted, and by no means a certain shot. When the party was originally organized to come into the woods the poet Longfellow was to join it, but he subsequently peremptorily declined, on hearing that Emerson had purchased a double-barrelled gun of large calibre to take with him."

☞ STRICTLY MORAL MERCHANT (TO ERRATIC CLERK).—Mr. Jelljins, of course I do not wish to dictate, but if I see you in the company of an alderman again, you and I must part. You know, in these times, it is necessary to avoid even the appearance of evil!

EARLY RISING.

Health and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to countless old people, as evidence of its good effects on the general system. Can any of our readers, on the spur of the moment, give a good and conclusive reason why health should be attributed to this habit? We know that old people get up early, but it is simply because they can't sleep. Moderate old age does not require much sleep; hence, in the aged, early rising is a necessity, or a convenience, and is not a cause of health in itself.—There is a large class of early risers, very early risers, who may be truly said not to have a day's health in a year—the thirsty folk, for example, who drink liquor until midnight, and rise early to get more! One of our earliest recollections is, that of "old soakers" making their "devious way" to the grog shop or the tavern bar-room before sunrise, for their morning grog. Early rising, to be beneficial, must have two concomitants: to retire early, and, on rising, to be properly employed. One of the most eminent divines in this country rose by daylight for many years, and at the end of that time became an invalid—has travelled the world over for health, and has never regained it, nor ever will. It is rather an early retiring that does the good, by keeping people out of those mischievous practices which darkness favors, and which need not be here more particularly referred to.

Another important advantage of retiring early is, that the intense stillness of midnight and the early morning hours favor that unbroken repose which is the all-powerful renovator of the tired system. Without, then, the accompaniment of retiring early, early rising is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowed to have his sleep out; otherwise, the duties of the day cannot be properly performed—will be necessarily slighted, even by the most conscientious.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves, let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring, so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is:—Do not hurry up the young and weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best for the studious, or even for the well, who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain, without going to sleep again, until the sense of weariness passes from the limbs. Nature abhors two things—violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast nor sprightliest bird leaps at once from its resting-place. By all of which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable than that the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has made the first step towards degradation and crime and disease after ten o'clock at night; at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle-aged and the young should be in bed; and then the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully-rested body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom nor safety nor health in early rising in itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, winter and summer.

DR. W. W. HALL.

☞ Lord Tenterden's early destination was changed by a disappointment. When he and Mr. Justice Richards were going the Home Circuit, they visited the cathedral at Canterbury together. Richards commended the voice of a singing man in the choir. "Ah!" said Lord Tenterden, "that is the only man I ever envied! When at school in this town we were candidates for a chorister's place, and he obtained it."

☞ Prentice wishes that the individual who invented the *paying* out machinery for the Niagara and Agamemnon, would get up a little machine of the sort to be used in the case of every newspaper subscriber.

☞ "The politicians have thrown me overboard," said a disappointed politician, "but I have strength enough to swim to the other side."

☞ Robert Hall was once asked what he thought of an elegant sermon, which had created a great sensation. "Very fine, sir," he replied, "but a man can't eat flowers."

☞ The Cheshire Agricultural Show comprised a stile for the times—a passage-way to be fixed in a fence, which may be widened at will, and adapted for ladies dressed in the greatest *breadth* of the fashion.

☞ The following notice was lately fixed, says a London contemporary, to a church door in Herefordshire, and read in the church:—"This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this church-yard but those living in the parish, and those who wish to be buried are requested to apply to the parish clerk."

☞ Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.—*Addison.*

☞ Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, is said to have, once upon a time, met a lady in the street in Boston, who hailed him with—"Ah! Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it, because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said Stuart, "it was not like me."

From the Cleveland Plaindealer, Sept. 29.

DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.—TWO BROTHERS RUN AWAY WITH TWO SISTERS.

Mr. Lloyd, a highly respectable farmer of Wickliffe, arrived in this city last evening, in an excited state of mind. He sought out Marshal Gallagher, and told him that his two daughters had eloped on Monday night with two hired men, brothers, and named respectively Chauncey Lewis and Watson Lewis. Mr. Lloyd said he thought they were in this city. The Marshal put on his seven-league boots, and commenced walking rapidly around the city. He found the enterprising parties at last at the Franklin House, on Pearl street. Watson Lewis had already married one of the sisters and retired for the night. Chauncey Lewis was making arrangements to marry the other sister, when the Marshal appeared and took him and his intended to the police station. Locking Chauncey Lewis up in the watch-house, Mr. Lloyd took his daughter to the Commercial House and locked her up in a room.

Mr. Lloyd, in addition to being an extensive and flourishing farmer, keeps a tavern in Wickliffe, which is very favorably known through this section. It is located near the lake shore, and near where the ill-fated steamer Griffith was burned some years since. Mr. L. owns some four hundred and fifty acres of land in Wickliffe, and is quite wealthy. His daughters are named Mary and Laura. Mary is about twenty years old, and Laura about sixteen. They are splendid looking girls, and are fashionably and richly dressed. They are both well educated, having enjoyed superior advantages in this respect.

The Lewis brothers are uncouth, uneducated, and overgrown specimens of humanity, and can neither read nor write. They hired out to Mr. Lloyd some six months ago. He paid Watson, the eldest one, $13, and Chauncey $10 a month. Chauncey Lewis, the young man who didn't get married, and who passed the night in the watch-house, is a very sleepy and stupid appearing young man. We doubt if he knows enough to exercise the sagacity of a common Shanghae chicken, and go under cover when it rains. He was released this morning, at the suggestion of Mr. Lloyd, and requested to "scoot," which he hastily did. He promised, with tears in his eyes, never to come within ten miles of Wickliffe again. The married brother, of course, cannot be interfered with.

The parties eloped at about eleven o'clock on Monday night, and were not missed until yesterday morning. The brothers hired a horse and buggy at Willoughby's, and went to Mr. Lloyd's house, where the girls were awaiting them, with their trunks all packed. The girls left the house noiselessly and got into the buggy, and the parties moved slowly towards Cleveland. One of the brothers walked all the way here, (about sixteen miles) and the other rode and drove. Arriving here they stopped at the Commercial House. In the evening a justice was called in and Watson and Mary were married. Chauncey and Laura concluded to postpone being united until this morning, which conclusion fortunately enabled Mr. Lloyd to prevent the ceremony. The parties all moved from the Commercial to the Franklin, where they were found as above stated.

This is the most remarkable case of elopement we ever heard of. It utterly eclipses the Boker and Dean case. What two handsome and cultivated girls, as the Misses Lloyd certainly were, could find to admire in two such fellows as the Lewis brothers is more than we can imagine. Mr. Lloyd and his wife are overwhelmed with grief by the inexplicable conduct of their daughters.

SONS OF MALTA—A MIDNIGHT PARADE IN CINCINNATI.—The Sons of Malta have been adding to the mystery of their organization by a midnight parade in Cincinnati. The Commercial says:

"We hardly know how to describe the brotherhood. Mysterious they were in the fullest sense of the word. Darkly, deeply marked, with robes of white reaching nearly to the heels, they excited curiosity, as all mysterious movements do. Grand Commanders and officers in position, marched along in their coats of mail and drawn swords, as though they were indeed 'Knights' of olden time, ready to break a lance in defence of honor, state or beauty. The Chancellor was clad in a dense, flowing suit, confined with a girdle—a long, snowy beard concealing the lower part of the face, and resting on his bosom. The Grand Commander had on a brilliant uniform of black silk velvet, ornamented with gold spangles and glittering symbols, and was armed with a sword of dazzling splendor. There were cocked hats, straight hats, no hats, cowls, gowns, and regalia, and one was reminded of the mysterious procession of monks in the play of Lucretia Borgia, which inspired so great an awe at the supper party who were doomed by the remorseless woman. We hardly know how to characterize the display. It was novel and attractive, yet failed to inspire any one with a sense of its dignity or appropriateness. Some contemplated the spectacle with curious gravity; some snickered, some exploded in hearty bursts of laughter; timid women shrank back alarmed; foolish girls tittered; and the boys had rare fun."

BURNING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Crystal Palace was entirely destroyed by fire on the afternoon of the 6th. The fire broke out in the lumber room, which was filled with empty boxes and a large quantity of old lumber. It is believed the fire was the work of an incendiary.

When the flames were first discovered, the Palace engine was brought out, but the hose was so full of holes that it was rendered perfectly useless. The flames spread with astonishing rapidity, creating an intense excitement among the visitors, of whom it is estimated upward of two thousand were present. None were injured, however.

But a very small portion of the contents was saved. Two only, of the many fire engines on exhibition, were got out uninjured. The building was crowded with articles on exhibition of every possible description. It is impossible to estimate the loss with accuracy. The building itself is estimated to have been worth $250,000, and the contents must have been worth double that amount. The loss in the whole was probably from a half a million to a million. In about twenty-five minutes from the time the fire broke out the building was a heap of ruins. It is said that the fire spread thus rapidly in consequence of the building being laid throughout with *gutta-percha* gas-pipes, which being inflammable, caught, and conducted the flames instantaneously through the entire structure. The pipes were made of gutta-percha, it is stated, to save the difference of cost between this material and iron—the iron being much more expensive.

ARIZONA—A NEW TERRITORY DEMANDED.—The largest political convention ever held on the Rio Grande, assembled at Mesilla on the 3d of September. The delegates represented about ten thousand people. Resolutions were passed calling on Congress to organize the territory at an early day, determining not to send members to the Legislature of New Mexico, and to hold a new election for delegate to Congress, in order to show the largely increased vote since last year. The convention was addressed by Lieut. Mowry and others.

Considerable emigration was coming into Arizona from Texas and the Southern States, as well as from the Northwest. Colonel Titus, of Kansas, had arrived with a party to make a settlement on the San Pedro.

STRANGERS are warned to keep away from New Orleans, until there is a marked abatement of the fever, of which they will be duly notified.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The Indian Bureau have received a letter from Dr. Forney, confirmatory of the report of the Indians robbing the mail, about three hundred and fifty miles from Salt Lake City. He says no attempt was made to kill the conductor, driver and guard; and the Indians on the Humboldt river have been committing depredations for ten years, and this is the first outbreak of the present season. Gen. Johnson, at the request of Gov. Cumming, sent a military force of one hundred and fifty men for the protection of the mails and of travellers.

TOUCHING.—In the obituary column of the New York Herald, we find a notice of the death of a Mr. Bloodgood, concluding with the following lines:

Lines written by deceased months previous to his death:

Weep not for me, my Charlotte dear, for I am better off;
For I am sure you know my sufferings here, and what a dreadful cough;
But God has taken me home with Him to dwell in Paradise;
And when you reach that happy place we will still be man and wife.

FORTIFICATIONS OF IRELAND.—It is stated that the defences at Spike Island are to be materially strengthened. The defences of Queenstown are likewise to be extended and placed in a high state of efficiency. On many points of the northern and southern coasts, as well as those in the neighborhood of Dublin, the forts, Martello towers, and batteries are being shored, and the guns at present mounted upon them will be replaced by others of much heavier calibre.

THE connection between the Submarine Telegraph and the Foreign Office, London, has been completed, and messages can now be received direct by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from the various British Embassies throughout Europe, and *vice versa*. The Secretary for India will also receive his despatches from the Governor-General at the India House direct.

RAT EMIGRANTS.—On last Sunday morning, a trail of rats was discovered in the road at Flint Hill, in the town of Palermo, New York. There had been a rain the night previous, and the whole surface of the road was literally packed down by the passage, after the rain, of thousands of these animals. They followed the road from Flint Hill, where the trail struck the road to Vermillion, a distance of two miles, where it was lost, having probably taken quarters with the citizens of that place.—*Pulaski Democrat.*

OFFICIAL WIT.—The sheriff of Mariposa county, California, is quite an original in his way. He was directed by the Supreme Court of the State to eject certain occupants of the Pine Tree Vein, and to restore the vein to Col. Fremont, "in its original state." He declines ousting the trespassers, and defends his position in a written document, stating that as the shaft has been sunk a few feet lower, and has been made something wider, he cannot restore it "in its original state," and will, therefore, do nothing about it.

THE Rev. Mr. Simpson, while preaching at a protracted meeting, near Milton, North Carolina, recently, became excited and threw off his overcoat, which some incorrigible scoundrel appropriated, and succeeded in making off with his ill-gotten booty.

THE *Scientific American* says lockjaw in horses can be cured by wrapping them in blankets which have been wrung out of water of 200 deg. temperature.

A SON of Hon. A. G. Talbott, member of Congress from Kentucky, has made his debut in the ring as a clown. The family is one of the proudest and wealthiest in Kentucky.

THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.—On returning to New York, the other day, CYRUS W. FIELD found several thousand letters—making inquiries and suggestions on every imaginable subject, and some soliciting donations, and begging for his autograph—awaiting his answer.

A TERRIBLE disaster occurred in Havana, Cuba, on the 29th ult. From [illegible] an explosion caused the naval magazine, containing an immense quantity of powder, shells, and rockets, was exploded, shaking the whole city, and causing a great loss of life. Twenty-eight persons were killed, and one hundred and five wounded.—Many others are supposed to be beneath the ruins of the buildings demolished by the explosion. Nineteen new sugar houses were totally destroyed. The gas works were damaged and the works rendered useless, involving the whole city in darkness.

ELECTION IN DELAWARE.—The complete returns of the election show that the Democrats have carried the State by 750 majority.

IT is not true, as has been stated, that the rank of Admiral is recognized by the Navy Department; but, by the regulations, flag officers who have been in commission for twenty years and upwards are authorized to hoist their flag at the fore, instead of the mizzen mast, and those in commission under that period, at the mizzen mast as usual.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.—Little less than 3,000 men are to be comprised in this expedition, besides 255 officers. The fleet carries 288 guns.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES.—The machine made by Reaney, Neafie & Co., of Philadelphia, has proved exactly the thing wanted. It is smaller than the hand engines, more easily managed than any other apparatus, either hand or steam, requires no horses to draw it, and can do a great amount of service. The fire companies of Philadelphia have three steam engines in use, and in a few months will have a dozen. Steam, in fact, is travelling over the whole country. Baltimore, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Boston, all have the steam machines for fire extinguishment, while New York, which is thought to be such a remarkably fast town, has not a single one, nor have the authorities or the firemen made the slightest effort to get one. Nay, when a Philadelphia company was there with a steam engine, the authorities neglected it, and the firemen treated the company with rudeness. This may serve to illustrate to what a slight extent New York is a representative of American progress.—*North American.*

DISCIPLINE AT SEA.—The immense loss of life attendant upon the burning of the steamship Austria, elicits, of course, all kinds of recommendations for the future. But the most novel precaution is that adopted by Capt. Pearson, of the Pacific mail steamship John L. Stephens. No sooner does his vessel leave port, than he assigns to each passenger a position in one of the life boats, and the men are enrolled into a boat guard and drilled each day in all the minutiæ of launching the boats, &c. The idea has proved a popular one on the Pacific side, and many passengers have been known to wait at both ends of the route for his ship in preference to any other vessel. This is a capital precaution, and might prove beneficial on our Atlantic ocean steamships.

A FEW weeks since, says the New Orleans Crescent, we mentioned, as a singular circumstance, the marriage of a German widow, in the third district, to her fifth husband—no one of the previous four having outlived his wedding a year. Well, a few days since, the fifth husband took the yellow fever. He died, and on Friday he was buried.

DEATH OF A RUFFIAN.—A notorious individual, Colm Le Blew, who had long been the terror of St. Landry and Calcasieu, Mississippi, was killed recently at the latter place. As he was approaching the hotel four heavily loaded guns were discharged at him, lodging forty or fifty buckshot in his body. Three young men were arrested for the deed, but subsequently released, the *deed having been done by the general sanction of the community.* Le Blew on one occasion, forbade the Judge to hold court in Calcasieu, and actually by pointing a pistol at him, made him leave the bench.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

In a couple of hours the old man retired to his thanksgivings and repose.

"Well, Liz; what about the lady?"

"You mean E.?"

"Who else?"

"I have just come from a party at their house. She is very ill."

"She is ill!—and they have a party!"

"Of course. Why not? One cannot have one's enjoyments curtailed because other people are ill."

"Come, come; no more of that. Understand that I see the souls of those I talk with as evidently as their faces. I know as to every word you utter whether it is affectation or sincerity."

"I wish I could. But, *n'importe*; you are a fine brother, and I won't laugh at you."

"Talk seriously, and tell me about her; how long has she been ill?"

"More or less, several months. At first it was thought little of; but now when we ask her brother, he puts on that look the doctors always assume when they don't choose the extent of the patient's danger to be known."

"What is the complaint?"

"We suppose, pulmonary phthisis. Hepatic phthisis, you know, is generally curable; at least it can be kept under: but pulmonary is considered fatal."

"What advice has she had?"

"The best in London; with her brother watching the symptoms all the time, and superintending the treatment. She'll die."

"She'll die! How do you know? Can you foresee the purposes of God?—you think there is no God!"

"Rather so. In short, brother, I believe in Shelley."

"You believe in Shelley? Do you really? Pray, who and what is Shelley?—big drum at one of the minor theatres, or some new chief mantua-maker you have in England?"

The young lady takes from her reticule a tiny volume bound in green morocco and gold, and holds it up; her proud lip curled and her eyes emanating light—"Queen Mab. Had you ever the grace to read it?"

"Never. Many years ago, to confess the truth, I tried; but to please you, I will do so to-morrow morning. And you, to please me, must also read a few pages of one of my favorite books—Dr. Dwight on The Being of a God and His Attributes."

"Can't."

"You must."

"Can't, shan't, and won't."

"Oh, yes, my pet. You are tired to-night, and it seems to you too much to do for me; but to-morrow morning, when you are rested and refreshed—then. How is it that you, too, have come to disbelieve in God? Do you not know that to deny God is to renounce all true goodness?"

"My brother! say rather that as the world goes it is the first step thereunto. I see certain men rolling [illegible] our streets in sumptuous carriages, their garments of silk and broadcloth and fine linen; their very feet cushioned upon velvet; gold for their shoe buckles, and silver studding the trappings of their horses; I follow them to their homes, and I find those homes palaces; I trace them to their coffers, and I find they have thousands, and some of them hundreds of thousands of this world's wealth laid up in hoard. I ask who they are, and am told shepherds of the flock—bishops of the Church—successors of the Apostles. Oh, Heaven, and oh, God! Around their palace walls a thousand poor men starve—at their gates hosts of orphans wail. In vain on their obdurate ears falls the cry of the widowed, the famished, the imprisoned. Wherein they have a voice in the making of the laws, they are invariably the hardest of the law-makers. Watch the votes of the bishops in Parliament, and see if the Mosaic code was not an incomparably merciful one, and especially in regard to the poor, compared with that which these 'Overseers of God's Heritage' would form, if they had the free sway of their wills. See the thousands of acres of land they have lying in parks, waste to all purposes of use, save that of feeding a few deer to adorn the prospect. Why, that very land would, *in such case*, make a thousand poor families rich, and keep hundreds of hunger-driven criminals out of jail. That hoarded wealth would save thousands of poor, homeless, perishing ones from an infamy worse than death. Am I to learn the trick of *such* a morality? Am I to baptize into *such* a church?"

"Say on; say on."

"Sir?"

"I bade you say on, my sister. You have not uttered a word against our most holy faith; but have in all points spoken according to its spirit and tenets. I am only right glad to find your soul so pure, and your understanding so sound. There is, of course, no such thing as *the successorship to the apostolic office and character*, except such as is established by means of a coincident conduct and life. The apostles were chosen to be Christ's witnesses;—solemn attestators what He taught and meant. And their mode of attesting it was necessarily as much in their manner of life as by words. Vainly do the men you objurgate call themselves the successors of the apostles if they do not their deeds."

"Thus far indeed it may be as you say. Still—"

"*Still* what?"

"Why, the case of the rulers and exemplars of the church is not a matter unique in the Christian profession. There is a generic mark; always, and in all the same. Meet the Christian where you will; in the withdrawing-room, the country-house, the senate; he has ever his two principles—the one he acts upon, and the one he professes. So that your religion seems [illegible] me—may I say it—a most hypocritical super[illegible]. Nay, remember that I also can read [illegible]hts. You are angry now. Let me [illegible]."

[illegible]hanged and my heart beat quicker for an instant, it was rather in shame and vexation at the truth of what you said—and I will confess to you frankly, at the too great truth of it in respect to myself personally—than in anger at its being said. The fact is this—To substitute the celestial for the earthly character is generally a lifelong labor. It must not be expected to be accomplished in any great perfection in any brief period. We are taught to expect to *grow* in the heavenly grace; we are not taught to expect an instantaneous and utter transmutation. Now of course it will be the man's worst fault that will longest withstand the reformatory process. And so the man will always seem to have antagonistic principles; or at all events for a long time. We must have 'fervent charity' in this class of judgments. Even in our own cases, whilst on the one hand we must be faithful against ourselves, we must on the other not fail to remember the real state of the case lest we fall into despair."

"If I understand you, you would excuse the lax life of the church which I arraign."

"I would do no such thing. I say on the contrary, let us discriminate between the possible and the impossible; and let the whole possible be required."

"Do you think this is generally done in the Church?"

"I am sure it is not. I declare the Church to be perfectly rotten; and as an active power in the world worthless and effete."

"And what the remedy?"

"I do not attempt the question. It is above me. If I were to make any suggestion it would be this:—That the Church does not by sufficiently often meeting and communing in secluded session, habituate itself to realize its separation and distinction from the world; and so failing to feel the greatness of its own estate, and hopes, and dignity, too readily submits to tolerate mean company, and wear along with them the yoke of the Prince of this world."

"You speak of the Church as if it really were some known undeniable positivity. Take pity on my ignorance, and point it out to me. Where is it? How am I to recognize it? If I understand the fact aright, the Church was to be an institution surpassing everything ever seen or imagined upon earth for spiritual potency and social worth. Was any one poor, the Church was to be his benefactor. Was he sick, the Church was to tend him in his affliction, tenderly as a nursing mother tends her suffering babe. Did he rejoice, the Church was to rejoice with him, and keep his soul in the light unguarded hours of joy from temptation of looser freres by her own sweet godly company. Was the man in error, the Church ever watchful of his eternal weal, was to be the first to discern his peril, and from her sure place amidst the strait gate and narrow way, sound her trumpet call and recover him to herself and to God. Did he come a stranger and wanderer from some remote isle, some ancient river, that Church, like her God, ubiquitous, was to meet him and greet him on this new-found shore; and be he wifeless, childless, friendless, homeless, aye, and hopeless beside, he should find within her holy embrace, both wife, and child, and friend, and home, and hope. I confess myself but a poor commentator of your religious records, but if I understand anything at all of them, even of the *very first things* understandable, they say that Jesus ordained the Church to be His own special representative on earth until His promised second advent—The Holy Spirit Incarnate—Perpetual *Visible* Paraclete. But where is this divine thing now? glorious in its offices and its hopes as the child of a king—adorned with all excellencies—marching amidst miracle, like an army of enchanters. One may go to the gates of its forsaken dwelling places and take up the lament of the Italian poet at the tomb of the departed,

"'Again and again do I knock, but no one replies.'

At times I imagine I hear of or meet with what may possibly be fragments of this divine myth or fact (which ought I to call it?) entity or nullity (whether of the two?) scattered about the world:—some widow laundress in her garret, some New England blacksmith speaking God's message of 'peace and goodwill to men' in fifty languages, some man of God amidst cannibals in the far off isles of the Pacific, or our own dear E. But as for the great thing itself in its totality and integrity, I ask you—*Where is it?* For I assert that where it should be there remains nothing but what amounts to an astonishment and a disgrace. Convert the world? The Church convert the world! Why there is not a fact of the times more notorious than this one, that the Church 'confirms' more infidels than it makes converts."

"We will talk of this more fully hereafter. At present I want to know more about E. Do you take care of her? Do you all take care of her?"

"I suppose I must say that I pass all the time I can with her. Let others answer for themselves."

"Is she happy?"

"She was, till we heard you were alive, and that you might possibly be induced to come home."

"How is that? How have I influenced her state of mind?"

"You ask me a question which only herself, I suppose, could or should answer. All I can tell you is thus much:—When you went away, for a long time, several years in short, she was very unhappy. You, I have been given to understand in the meantime, were acting like a half crazy fellow. We had, in a manner, given you up for lost long before you entered the army;—then especially; we supposed it would be your lot to fall on the battle-field untended and unknown. But when you disposed of that difficulty in such a summary way, and emigrated with such good prospects, we all took heart again and hoped."

"You remind me that I must take some immediate steps about that army matter. My name is still on the books."

"Never you mind that. I'll write to the Queen and get your discharge for you in despite of all the Iron dukes and brindlebearded old generals at the Horse Guards."

(The gifted girl fulfilled her promise. In about ten days the formally stamped and signed piece of parchment, came down by post to her, a free gift, from England's best and best beloved Queen.)

"You will write to the Queen and get my discharge?—Simple girl!"

"Be tranquil, my brother, be tranquil."

"Well, fair Una, lion-rider that I is to be, as you will, so let it come to pass."

"So we kept on hoping from year to year; but you never wrote; until hope at length grew faint, sickened, died. Oh! how could you be so cruel?"

"Believe no such thing. It was a part of the destiny of the case. I could not write. Do you not know that one cannot suffer to the full extreme of capacity and act at the same time. I fancy the Spartan boy walked mighty slowly. I am quite sure he did nothing but what he was compelled to do. But go on with what you were telling me."

"By-and-by, we had wholly given you up. About that time, as I remember, a great change came over her. Her face became like the face of an angel, and her life like that of The Son of God. For years she has been the guardian spirit of the poor, and they, on their part, worship the very ground she walks on. She passes unharmed through the pestilence, and on her no evil thing has power. We have had typhus here of so virulent a type, that some of the poor families were positively abandoned by all help. No money could procure nurses. She actually went and stopped in their houses with them day and night. What is the matter with you? Your heart beats only by fits and starts. I've told you too much."

"All right. I want to walk out for an hour in the moonlight. The day always seems to me more human—the night more divine. Man and his works go in a measure out of sight, and one's gaze turns instinctively toward the hosts of heaven. Then the spirit of worship descends on the soul, and no longer our own rash fatal keepers, we seem to enjoy our natural heritage of nearness to God. We get for a while to the precincts of our heavenly home. Give me the key, and tell me what room to go to when I come in. You have been up long enough. It must be near day."

"Nay, sir; I am going with you. I have more to tell you yet. Remember that I have the latest news. I spent this evening half an hour up stairs, and half an hour down, half an hour playing cribbage with the 'never-say-die' people, and half an hour reading the Pilgrim's Progress, or some such book, I forget its name, to Madame."

"Bad, bad, bad. Be either the one thing or the other."

"Well, possibly I may. I'll think about it. And now, good barbarian, please to let me see whether you yet remember how to assist a lady with her shawl. So!—really you are quite *au fait*; kept your hand in practice, I suppose, with the Indian ladies' blanket-shawls in Australia."

"They don't wear any, Goody."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TREATMENT FOR HYPOCHONDRIA.

"But do you really think, sir," asked Chronic Hypochondriasis, "that gardening is such a healthy occupation?"

"I do. But better than my own opinion, I will give you the sentiments of a celebrated *but eccentric physician on the subject*, when he was consulted by a patient afflicted with your own disease."

"Well, sir, what's the matter with you?" said the bluff doctor.

"Why, nothing particular, doctor, if you mean any decided complaint. Only I can't eat and drink, and I can't sleep, and I can't walk—in short, I can't enjoy anything except being completely miserable."

It was a clear case of Hypochondriasis, and so the physician merely laid down the ordinary sanitary rule.

"But you haven't prescribed, doctor," objected the patient. "You haven't told me what I am to take."

"Take exercise."

"Well, but in what shape, doctor?"

"In the shape of a spade."

"What—dig like a horse?"

"No—like a man."

"And no physic?"

"No. You don't want draughts nor pills, or powders. Take a garden and a Sabine farm after it—if you like."

"But it is such hard work."

"Phoo, phoo. Begin with crushing your caterpillars—that's soft work enough. After that you can kill snails, they're harder—and mind, before breakfast."

"I shall never eat any."

"Yes you will, when you have earned your grub. Or hoe, and rake, and make yourself useful on the face of the earth."

"But I get so fatigued."

"Yes, because you are never tired of being tired. Mere indolence. Commit yourself to hard labor. It is pleasanter than having it done by a magistrate, and better in private grounds than on public ones."

"Then you seriously suppose, doctor, that gardening is good for the constitution?"

"I do. For kings, lords and commons. Grow your own cabbages. Sow your own turnips—and if you wish for a gray head, cultivate carrots."

"Well, doctor, if I thought—"

"Don't think, but do it. Take a garden and dig away as if you were going to bury all your care in it. When you're tired of digging, you can roll—or go to your walls, and set to *work* at your fruit trees, like the Devil and the Bag of Nails."

"Well, at all events, it is worth trying; but I am sadly afraid that so much stooping—"

"Phoo, phoo! The more pain in your back, the more you'll forget your *hope*. Sow a bed with thistles, and then weed it. And don't forget cucumbers."

"Cucumbers!"

"Yes, unwholesome to eat, but healthy to grow, for then you can have your *frame* as strong as you please, and regulate your own *lights*. Melons still better. Only give your melon the melon bed, and your colly to the colly-flowers, and your melancholye at an end."

"Ah! joking, doctor!"

"No matter. Many a true word is said in a jest. I'm the only physician, I know, who prescribes it, but take a garden—*the first remedy in the world*—for when Adam was put into it, he was *quite a sane man!*"

IN THE NIGHT.

All day I list for voices
That do not come to me,
And vainly think I hear them
Along the evening sea;—
They come not in the day-time,
But every night it seems
That I can hear them speaking low
Around me in my dreams.

All day I think of faces,
And through the open door
I look to see them enter,
As in the days of yore;—
They come not in the day-time,
But every night it seems
As if I saw them smiling down
Upon me, in my dreams.

All day my soul remembers,
While fast before my eyes
The forms that I have loved so
In other days arise:—
'Tis sorrow in the day-time,
But every night it seems
As if their souls were with me still,
And loved me in my dreams.

MY LUCK ON THE RAILWAYS.

Some people, figuratively speaking, always fall upon their feet—others fall exactly where they are most likely to hurt themselves; and I regret to say that I am among the latter, and I always do hurt myself. I will merely take my travelling-luck as an instance. There are friends of mine who have for their *vis-a-vis* in railway-carriages females of fascinating appearance and charming manners, with whom they carry on a delightful conversation. I have never any such good-fortune. Agriculturists of heavy demeanor and person, widows who will not be comforted, gentlemen hand-cuffed to policemen, and other companions more or less unpleasant, are always next me, and opposite me, and around me. That the public may know that I do not complain without cause, I will relate what befel me the very last time I journeyed by rail.

I cannot say that I rejoice in, for that is not true—but at anyrate I possess the name of Mutton. A long line of Muttons have handed down to me the name, and nothing else; I have therefore to do something for bread and vegetables, and that something I do in a government office for a hundred pounds sterling per annum. Unfortunately, my feelings and my income do not keep pace, and, in an unguarded and extravagant moment, I offered my hand and heart to a very charming maiden, and was accepted. Marriage at the time was out of the question; we were to wait until something turned up, and waiting we have been ever since. My Clara Amelia resides in a town on the Great Northern Railway, about fifty miles from London; and thither I repair for a fortnight *once* a year, and enjoy fourteen days of uninterrupted happiness; but on the principle, I suppose, that before one can reach the Elysian fields, he must pass over Styx, it has hardly ever been my lot to have had even a tolerably pleasant journey; the last, however, was dreadful. I have a very bad habit of being late; consequently, when I arrived at King's Cross one morning in June, I found the express just about to start. I dashed into the first second-class carriage I came to, and sat down. Opposite to me, and the only other occupant of the carriage, was a respectable-looking woman with a baby in her arms. I had hardly sat down when the woman, seeing a female friend on the platform, cried out: "My word, if it isn't our Sarah!" and putting the baby on to my lap, leaped out of the carriage; a moment afterwards the whistle sounded, and we were off.

I should mention that I am an only child, and that I had scarcely ever looked at a baby before, much less handled one. What was I to do? It was impossible to get rid of it except by throwing it out of the window. That would hardly have been legal, although the circumstances were very cogent; but in the meantime I felt that I was doing something nearly as bad, by taking it every moment away from its friends. The train being express, did not stop till I had ample opportunity to consider my position; but that was not at all an advantage. At first, my sensations were all horror; but after a time curiosity began to mingle with the sensation, and the first thing that struck me was, that the legs of the child must be of an astounding length, for as it sat in my lap, its gown trailed on the floor. I found afterwards, however, when it was seized with spasms, that this was a deception, as it kicked very high up indeed. It did not indulge in any conversation, but contented itself with alluding, in a very offensive manner, to my unfortunate name, by constantly exclaiming, clearly and audibly: "Baa!" to which it added a word still more disagreeable to my feelings—"Papa!"

But all this was light and pleasant, compared with what took place afterwards. I don't know which was worse—its spasms or its continued indisposition. I fancy the ignorant little creature supposed by the motion of the carriage that it was on shipboard, fancied itself sea-sick, and behaved accordingly. The consequence was that a lovely waistcoat I had specially provided to dazzle my Clara Amelia withal, was rendered horrible; a new hat I had incautiously put on the seat beside me, fared the same way inside and out; and as for my new and expensive pair of kid gloves, I was obliged to throw them out of the window before twenty minutes were over. The only thing about me for which it seemed to have any affection was my watch, a silver hunter, and until then a good goer—this, when there was nothing of more importance going on, it put entire into its mouth, and sucked so effectually, that the wheels stopped soon after from rest, and have not kept time from that moment.

But, as Shakspeare says, "time and the hour run through the roughest day," and we got at last to the first stopping station, where I was to meet the object of my affections, draggled, dirty, gloveless as I was, with an awful hat in my hand, dishevelled hair, and a very young infant in my arms, who, when not occupied in making me horrid, kept mocking me with its "Baa!" and calling me "Papa" in the plainest English. Such were the circumstances under which I presented myself before my Amelia's expectant eyes. Need I say that she fainted? that her hitherto unexceptionable parent shook his fist in my face, and called me villain—and that her big brother, dancing before me like a bear, defied me to mortal combat on the spot? All this had such an effect on my nerves, that I was on the point of leaping down and placing myself and the baby on the rails before an arriving train, when I saw, to my joyful surprise, the mother of the deserted child coming towards me, from our own train! She seized her wretched offspring, smothered it with kisses; and then, explaining to me hastily that on taking leave of her friend, she had got into the wrong carriage, from which, of course, it was impossible to change, as the train that moment started, she hurried off her prize without ceremony, saying to the baby: "And did it come in a coachee-poachee with a nasty, dirty gentleman—did it then?"

Explanations were entered into between my Amelia's family and myself, which ended so satisfactorily, that her brother offered to place his wardrobe at my disposal; her father unclosed his clenched fist to clasp my hand; and my Amelia herself awoke from her swoon, and took my arm affectionately, though of course at considerable distance, and only with the tips of her fingers.

A HOTEL SCENE.

I and Smyler one night stepped into a quiet hotel to read the news. We also ordered two glasses of lager to come with the paper.

I was in the midst of an interesting and rather abstruse article, when a fidgetty and selfish, over-bearing looking person along side of me, and who appeared in deep thought—probably on the means to be adopted to get poor devils to work an hour longer daily, at lower wages—began nervously to flirt a stiff tooth-pick. The "flip, flip, flip," coming so suddenly upon my ear, for a moment destroyed the thread of the argument. I started, looked around at him, and resumed.

"Flip! flip! flip! flip!" he went at it again. Again I stared at him a little harder. A nervous looking gentleman in the opposite corner eyed him too. And then I endeavored to pick up my subject again.

"Flip! flip!"

"Blame the fellow!" I muttered, and caught a strange gleam in the corner of Smyler's eye.

For two or three minutes the annoyance continued, and I began to think it best to quietly proceed to some other house, when, after a most energetic "Flip! flip! flip!" from my neighbor,

"Rat! tat! tat!" was echoed by Smyler's boot heel on the floor.

I got a glimmer of Smyler's intentions.

"Flip!"

"Tat!"

A silence for nearly a minute, and then—

"Flip! flip!"

"Rat! tat!" instantly followed.

"Flip! flip! flip! flip! flip!" went tooth-pick shortly afterwards.

"Rat! tat! tat! tat! tat!" came energetically from boot heel.

The proprietor of the dental assuager looked fierce—got red in the face as

"Tap! tap! tap! tap! tap!" was produced by the application of four finger-nails on the table in the opposite corner.

T. P. looked dignified, and with an important air called for a bottle of wine, which he proceeded to drink in solemn grandeur.

On the strength of the impression which he imagined such an outlay in that fifth-rate place must have naturally produced, he thought he'd try it on again.

"Flip! flip! flip!"

Three short, sharp whistles, which had evidently been practised in old Bowery, were the leading accompaniment, from a saucy looking fellow in his shirt sleeves, and who had caught up the joke.

"Rat! tat! tat!"

"Tap! tap! tap!"

"Bow! wow! wow!" from another new volunteer, a very particular friend of Smyler.

"What do you mean?" fiercely demanded T. P., eyeing Smyler, who was the least of the party, savagely.

"Rat! tat! tat!
Three whistles.
"Bow! wow! wow!" } was the reply.
"Tap! tap! tap!
"Hi! hi! hi!"

"Cant't I flirt my tooth-pick, if I like!" ferociously demanded the port-wine patronizer.

"Certainly," blandly replied Smyler; "and you, of course, cannot possibly object to my employing my boot thus:"

"Rat! tat! tat!"

"Or I my hands thus: tap! tap! tap!" issued from the opposite corner.

"Or I my mouth," dexterously exemplified by he from the Bowery.

"Hi! hi! hi!" and "Bow! wow!" completed the argument.

The upshot was that, as he had commenced the annoyance of a whole company for his own peculiar gratification, we continued to persecute him for our especial amusement, till, fairly boiling over with outraged dignity, he paid for his half-finished wine, and bounced out of the room amid a fearfully original chorus.

Every man carries a moral tooth-pick. The wise know how to use it. The selfish get taught, sooner or later.—*Spirit of the Times.*

SALT AIR.—Apart from the advantages of bathing in salt water, the inhalation of sea air has a salubrious and beneficial effect, which is most apparent upon those who resort to the coast from towns or from inland districts. It has been shown by Professor Faraday and other chemists that oxygen, in the particular condition known under the name of "ozone," exists in large proportion in sea air. Though air, impregnated with the saline of the sea, is frequently found too strong for some persons, yet, in the great majority of cases, an occasional visit to the coast is a capital restorative of vital power to those whose nerves are exhausted by long sojourn in inland towns.

SCRIPTURAL DISCUSSIONS IN OLD TIMES.

From the unpublished papers of the distinguished President Edwards, which are yet in the possession of Dr. Tryon Edwards, of New London, Connecticut, it appears that even in his day the ministers of Christ held their meetings for discussion, and that sometimes curious as well as important questions underwent their scrutiny. From a volume of MSS. relating to such occasions, two extracts may be of interest:—

"At a meeting of ministers at Cold Spring, Dec. 4, 1746,—Present, the Rev. Messrs. Jonathan Edwards, Moderator, Ed. Billing, Tim. Woodbridge, Chester Williams, Scribe. After prayer the following questions considered—Was that an upright sentence pronounced by Daniel, 2 Sam xix., 29—'I have said thou and Ziba divide the land?' What are we to understand by the First Resurrection? Rev. xx., 6. Can we demonstrate from the perfections of God, that there is any connection between God's threatenings of eternal punishment and the execution of them? Can we demonstrate the necessity of continued exertion of Divine power for maintaining our existence? Is justifying a sinner included in it, or does it precede his regeneration? Upon supposition that Adam had fulfilled the covenant he was under, would his posterity have been translated to heaven? Is it consistent with the Divine perfections to put all mankind under a discipline that necessarily makes some more miserable, though it relieves others?"

Again at Hatfield, Feb. 11, 1746:—

Present—J. Edwards, Moderator, Woodbridge, Ashley, T. Woodbridge, C. Williams, Scribe.—After prayer, we proceeded to the following questions: Is it a sufficient reason for ministers to refuse ordaining a person over a pastoral charge and people, that they will not afford him a sufficient support? Whether Pilate ridiculed and bantered the Jews in what he says to them? John xviii., 31. Will the sins of the godly be made manifest in the day of judgment? How does it appear that the faith of Christians would have been vain, if Christ would not have risen from the dead?"—*Christian Chronicle.*

HOW MR. MORPHY PLAYS EIGHT GAMES OF CHESS BLINDFOLDED.—The following explanation is given of the manner in which Mr. Morphy recently played eight simultaneous games of chess, without seeing the boards, at Birmingham, England:—

"Mr. Morphy sat at one end of the library; at a table at the other end sat his eight opponents, with their eight boards before them. Mr. Morphy gazing at the lozenged window above him, and leaning carelessly with his arm over the bench on which he sits, attacked each board in succession. Move and counter move were audibly announced by a friend, and when the tables had been traversed one move at a time, the process was recommenced. It was a most interesting scene. Mr. Morphy had the whole eight games so thoroughly 'in his head,' that when a piece was accidentally shifted on one of the boards, and a move was made in which it was involved, he at once detected something was *wrong*, and exclaimed that it was 'an impossible move.' Such it was acknowledged to be. The piece ought never to have been on that square. In the same game Mr. Morphy left a piece, *en prise*, the taking of which involved a mate in a few moves, and accordingly on his adversary taking the piece, unconscious of the snare laid for him, the game became Mr. Morphy's almost immediately. His play was very rapid. Each game lasted on the average about thirty moves, so that he had to bear in mind at least two hundred and forty moves, and the position of every board throughout, from beginning to end. The fact was evidently regarded by those present as an effort of genius not to be accomplished by more than one or two individuals in a century. Of the eight simultaneous games, Mr. Morphy won six, drew one against Mr. Avery, President of the Birmingham Chess Club, and lost only one, that against Mr. Kipping. The eight games occupied about six hours, and at the close, Mr. Morphy being asked if he felt fatigued, said, 'Not in the least; but he should be glad to get his dinner!'"

ROMANTIC STORY.—The London Court Journal tells a romantic story of Jung Bahadoor, the Prince of Nepaul. During the stay of the Nepaulese Prince in this country, he became deeply smitten with a lady of great rank and beauty, and offered her marriage. Birth and creed alike forbade the union with the noble Asiatic, but, ere he quitted the shores of England, he prayed the acceptance of a small token of his esteem, a beautiful Oriental ring, which the lady, with much reluctance, accepted. It was accompanied by the singular promise that, if ever she had a command to make, a wish to be carried out, the return of the talismanic ring to his highness would insure its due performance. As the story goes, the lady, high in rank, returned the jewel, with a wish that Jung Bahadoor should revenge the foul and horrid slaughter of her countrywomen at Cawnpore. How the Prince has fulfilled his promise by his important services, every Englishman knows.

VACCINATION OF INFANTS.—Mr. Kuhn, says the Bordeaux Journal of Medicine, found that vaccination performed on infants the second, third or fourth day after a previous vaccination always succeeded. When performed on the fifth day, it took in one-half the cases. If attempted on the seventh, eighth, ninth or tenth day, it failed. Hence, according to these experiments, vaccine does not begin to be productive until after four days from the inoculation, and as variola has an incubation of three or four days, it may happen that a person exposed to it on the fourth day after vaccination may be seized with small pox at the moment when the vaccine vesicle is at the highest point of development. It is not until the ninth day after vaccination, therefore, that one can be considered secure from the small pox.

☞ A Scotchman who had put up at an inn, was asked in the morning how he had slept. "Troth, man," replied Donald, "nae very weel either, but I was muckle better aff than the *bugs*, for deil a ane o' them closed an e'e the hale nicht."

LIFE'S AUTUMNS.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

We, too, have autumns, when our leaves
  Drop loosely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
  And we stand reaped and bare.

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
  Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
  Ere sunset all is snow.

But each day brings less summer cheer,
  Crimps more our ineffectual spring,
And something earlier every year
  Our singing birds take wing.

As less the olden glow abides,
  And less the chiller heart aspires,
With drift-wood beached in past spring-tides
  We light our sullen fires.

By the pinched rushlight's starving beam
  We cower and strain our wasted sight,
To stitch youth's shroud up, seam by seam,
  In the long arctic night.

It was not so—we once were young—
  When Spring, to womanly Summer turning,
Her dew-drops on each grass-blade strung,
  In the red sunrise burning.

We trusted then, aspired, believed
  That earth could be remade to-morrow;—
Ah, why be ever undeceived?
  Why give up faith for sorrow?

Oh, thou whose days are yet all spring,
  Trust, blighted once, is past retrieving;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
  The victory's in believing.

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

Lord Martindale was now requested to favor the company with a song, and with great good-nature he instantly complied; while Lord Charles whispered across to my mother—

"What a disgrace that fellow is to the peerage!"

"By his vices, I *grant* you," replied my mother, "but not by his obliging compliance."

Lord Charles shrugged up his shoulders, and was about to reply, when "Silence" was vociferated rather angrily by the lady of the house, who had not been blind to the airs which, as she said, Lord Charles had given himself the whole evening. Lord Martindale, as may be supposed, was greatly applauded, on the same principle as that mentioned by the poet with regard to noble authors:

"For if a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the taste refines!"

And the noisy expressions of admiration which rewarded a very mediocre performance did not increase the good-humor of our noble guest, against whom I saw an attack preparing at the bottom of the table. At length a very pretty girl, who had sung with considerable skill, tried to engage the attention of Lord Charles; and finding "Sir" was not sufficient, she added, "Mr. Belmour, sir!" But some one whispered, "He is a lord;" on which she said, "Dear me! Well, then, my lord, Lord Belmour;" and Lord Charles turned toward the pretty speaker, while a half-muttered "Vulgar animal!" was audible to my mother and myself, and formed a ludicrous contrast to the affectedly respectful attention and bent head with which he listened to what she had to observe. But when he found that the young lady was requesting him to *sing*, and that she declared she had a claim on him, his expression of mingled *hauteur*, astonishment, and indignation, was highly comic, and we, who knew him, were eagerly expecting his answer, when we heard him say, having bowed and smirked his hand affectedly to his heart at the same time,

"With the greatest pleasure in life; which wine, claret or champagne?"

"Dear me," cried the young lady, "I did not ask you to drink, but to sing, my lord."

"Oh! Champagne; very good. Carry a glass to that young lady."

But she indignantly rejected it, and repeated her request.

"I beg pardon," replied the impracticable Lord Charles, "I thought you said champagne; then take claret to the young lady," who in vain exerted her voice. He remained quite deaf, holding his ear like a deaf person, much to the amusement of the company, and the confusion of the fair supplicant, who had been encouraged by the admiring glances which Lord Charles had till now bestowed on her, to think that any request from her would have been attended to.

Thus far Lord Charles's endangered dignity had come off with flying colors, as it was no great affront to be requested to sing by a pretty girl, even though she had told him that he had a *singing face*, and *looked like a singer*; for the turn which he had given to her application got the laugh on his side, and he was very sure that she would not so presume again. But he was not to be let off so easily; for Mr. Oswald, who, being almost "as drunk as a lord," felt himself quite as great as one, now came behind Lord Charles, and giving him a sounding blow across the back, exclaimed with an oath,

"Come, now, *Belmour*, there is a good fellow, do sing, for I have heard you are a comical dog when you like."

If a look could have annihilated, that instant would the little fat man have disappeared from off the face of the earth. The glance of Lord Charles was powerless even to *wound* Mr. Oswald; and he was equally unmoved when, scorning even to answer his importunate host, our friend suddenly addressed my mother, saying,

"I think, Mrs. Pendarves, you desired me to call your carriage?"

"You are mistaken, my lord," replied my mother, with a reproving look which he well understood; and his tormentor was going to assail him again, when Seymour, to relieve Lord Charles, drew him into conversation; and I had just advised the still-irritated guest to remember that Mr. Oswald was intoxicated, when our attention was attracted to a conversation between Mrs. Oswald and another lady, of which Lord Charles was the subject: and it was evident that Mrs. Oswald spoke of him in no friendly tone.

"Yes, my lord," said she, "you may look; we were certainly talking of your lordship."

"You do me much honor, madam."

"That is as it may be, my lord: but I was trying to do you justice, for my friend said it was *pride* that prevented your singing; but *I* said (and here she raised her voice to a shriller and more ludicrous pitch than usual) yes, I said, says I, 'That is *impossible*, my dear; it cannot be *pride;* for if a real *peer* of the realm,' says I, 'the *real thing*, condescends to sing and amuse the company, surely Lord Charles Belmour need not be above it, who is only a *commonly called*, you know.'"

Instantly, to my consternation, and afterwards to his own, Lord Charles, thrown off his guard by this sarcasm, *echoed* her last words, and gave her tone and manner so exactly, that the effect upon the company was irresistible, and a general laugh ensued;—which, to do him justice, shocked more than it gratified the self-condemned mimic, who could only for a moment be provoked to violate the rules of good-breeding; and he was completely subdued, when Mrs. Oswald, with a degree of forbearance and good-humor which exalted her in my esteem, observed, "Well, my lord, you have condescended to exert your talent for mimicry, though you would not sing; and though it was at my expense, I am grateful to you, as you have contributed to amuse my company."

"Admirably replied!" exclaimed my mother.

"Excellent, excellent, bravo!" cried Pendarves;—while Lord Charles, admonished, penitent, and ashamed, was not slow to redeem himself from the sort of disgrace which he had incurred. Rising gracefully, and bowing his head on his clasped hands, he solicited her pardon for the liberty which her evident good-nature had emboldened him to take, declaring at the same time, that if she forgave him, it was long before he should forgive himself.

Mrs. Oswald, who was really as kind-hearted as she seemed, readily granted the pardon which he asked, and he respectfully pressed her offered hand to his lips. He did more; for while the carriages were called, he suddenly disappeared, and in a moment we could have fancied ourselves at the door of Drury-lane or Covent-Garden; for the offered services of link-boys, the cries of "Coach, coach," and "Here your honor," with all the different sounds, were heard in the hall; and while the guests listened delighted to this new and unexpected entertainment, the Oswalds were, I saw, evidently gratified at finding that it proceeded from the talent of Lord Charles. Oh, the unnecessary humiliation to which pride exposes itself! Had he civilly, though firmly refused the young lady's and Mr. Oswald's request to sing, and not discovered in the evening his haughty contempt for the company and his host, or insulted his hostess, he needed not to have condescended to an expiatory exhibition, from which under other circumstances his pride would have properly revolted.

Thus ended this to me disagreeable evening, which extended far into the morning. The drive home was pleasant; for Lord Charles having reconciled himself to himself by his ample *amende honorable*, and by the generous candor with which he received our reproofs, thought he was privileged to indulge his less amiable feelings by turning some of the company into ridicule, and exhibiting them to the very life before us. I must own that I again felt an ungenerous pleasure in some part of the entertainment, namely his mimicry of Lady Martindale, which I vainly endeavored to subdue, and I was glad that, as Pendarves rode on the box, he did not witness my degradation. I must add, that both my mother and myself were gratified to observe that Lord Charles forbore to mimic our kind but vulgar host and hostess; and my mother took care to let him know indirectly that his delicacy was not lost upon her.

Another performance was fixed for that day week; the original Letitia Hardy, however, was expected, and most gladly did I offer to resign my part to her. Still, I was mortified to see with how little concern Pendarves heard me offer my resignation, and saw it accepted. Alas! not even Lord Charles's and my mother's joy at my being removed from a situation which they thought unworthy of me, could reconcile me to his indifference on the subject.

The next day Lord Charles was to leave us; but I saw that his departure was more welcome to my husband than to my mother and myself. In the morning he had requested Pendarves to walk with him round the grounds, and they returned, I observed, with disturbed countenances.

Lord Charles then called, and sat some time with my mother. What passed between them I do not know; but their parting was even affectionate, and his with me was distinguished from all our other partings by a degree of emotion for which I could not account.

"How I shall miss you!" said I, softened by his dejection.

"Thank you! I can better bear to leave you now;" and springing into his carriage he drove off, and I felt forlorn; for I felt that I had lost a friend: and I also felt that I wanted one who, like him, had some check over my husband.

What more shall I say of this painful period of my life; for which however, painful as it *was*, I would gladly have exchanged that which soon followed; one day was a transcript of the other. Pendarves, ever good-natured and kind while he was at home, seemed to think that he was thereby justified in leaving me continually; but, as I was not of that opinion, to use a French phrase, *je deperissois a vue d'œil;* and though I affected to be cheerful, my mother saw that my feelings were undermining my existence. But not even to her would I complain of my husband, and she respected my silence too much to wish me to break it. However, *she* was with me—she, I felt, never would forsake me, or love me less; and while I had her, I was far from being completely miserable. Alas! what was she not to me! friend, counsellor, comforter!

But the decree was gone forth, and even her I was doomed to resign!

Not long after Lord Charles had quitted us, I perceived a visible alteration in my mother's appearance. I saw that she ate little, that she was very soon fatigued, and that her fine spirits were gone. I had no doubt but that she fretted for my anxieties. I therefore labored the more to convince her that I was not as uneasy as she thought me.

But how vainly did I try to veil my heart from her penetrating glance! If there be such a thing as the art of divination, it is possessed by the eagle eye of interested affection, and that *was hers*.

My mother saw all my secret struggles; she pitied, she resented their cause; and I have sometimes feared that she *sunk* under them.

One morning, Pendarves on his return from Oswald Lodge came in with a very animated countenance, and told us that a new description of amusement was introduced there, namely, *archery*, and he must beg me to go with him the next day, and learn to be an archer: "Lady Martindale," cried he, "already shoots like Diana herself."

"The only resemblance, I should think," said my mother, "which she has to Diana. But what do you say to this proposal, Helen? *I* must take leave to say that, as *your mother*, you can never go to Oswald Lodge again with my consent on *any* terms: and to engage in this new competition, oh! never, never!"

"And why not, madam? There is nothing indelicate in such an exhibition; and I own my pride in Helen, as a husband, made me wish to see her fine form exhibited in the graceful action of shooting at a target. Besides, as I really wish if possible to associate her in all my amusements, I was delighted to think this new pursuit would have led her to join me in my visits to the Lodge, and I am really desirous to know on what grounds you object to her obliging me."

"On account of the company there. Mr. and Mrs. Oswald are weak, vain people, fond of courting persons of quality; and so as they can but be intimate with a Lord and Lady, they care not of what description they are. This Lord Martindale is, I find, a man not much noticed by his equals, and as to Lady Martindale, the woman who could so expose her person in the dress of the Statue is not a fit companion for my daughter, nor your wife."

"You are severe, madam; but what says Helen?"

"That my mother does not make sufficient allowances for the difference of manners and ideas between a French and an English woman; and that dress which shocks us in the former does not necessarily prove incorrectness of conduct."

"Incorrectness of conduct! and can your mother possibly suppose I would introduce my wife to a woman whom I know to be incorrect in her conduct?"

"No, Seymour, no: I do you more justice. But it is my duty to inform you that it is suspected this person is Lord Martindale's mistress only, not his wife."

"*Not* his wife!" interrupted Seymour.

"*No*, so I am informed. As to him, you know his character is so infamous that one can wonder at nothing he does; and *he* has been suspected of being a spy for the French convention, as well as the lady."

"Madam," said Seymour, "I thought you had been above listening to tales like these, and I cannot think myself justified in acting upon them. On the contrary, by taking my wife to the Lodge, I think it right to show my disregard of them, especially as by staying away, and by her distant manner when there, Helen has already injured the character of Lady Martindale, and made even my attentions to her the source of calumny. This the afflicted lady told me with tears and lamentations, and Helen's renewed visits can alone repair the injury her absence has done."

"So, then, *this* is the real reason of your wishing to make Helen a sharer in your amusements, and to exhibit her fine form to advantage!" exclaimed my mother, indignantly. "But, Mr. Pendarves, if your constant visits are injurious to the fame of this afflicted lady, you know your remedy—*discontinue* them; for never, with my consent, shall my virtuous daughter lend her assistance to shield any one from the infamy which they deserve."

"Deserve, madam!" cried Seymour, as indignant as she was: "*repeat* that, and, spite of the love and reverence I bear you, I shall exert a husband's lawful authority, and see who dares dispute it."

"*Not I*," she replied, folding her arms submissively on her breast, "and still less that poor trembling girl. No, Pendarves, my only resource now is supplication and entreaty; and I conjure you, by the dear name of your beloved mother, and by the memory of past fond and endearing circumstances and *hours*, to grant the prayer of a *dying woman*, and not to force your wife to this abode of revelry and riot. I feel my days are already numbered; and when I am taken from you, *bitter* will be your recollections, if you refuse, my son, and soothing if you grant my prayer. I *know* you, Seymour, and I know that you cannot do any great cruelty without great remorse."

It was some moments before Pendarves could speak; at length he said:

"Your request *alone* would have been sufficient, without your calling up such agonizing ideas. Helen, my best love, tell your mother you shall *never* go to Oswald Lodge again."

He then put his handkerchief to his eyes, and rushed out of the room.

"The foolish boy's heart is in the right place still," said my mother, giving way to tears, but smiling at the same time.

But I, alas! could neither smile nor speak. She had called herself a dying woman, and through the rest of the day I could do nothing but look at and watch her, and go out of the room to weep; and my night was passed in wretchedness and prayer.

The next day I found my husband cold and sullen in manner; and I suspected that, having engaged to bring me to Oswald Lodge, he was mortified and ashamed to go thither without me, and would, I doubted not, make some excuse for my staying away which was not strictly true.

No one could feel more strongly or more virtuously than Pendarves; but good feelings, unless they are under the guard of strict principles, are subject to run away instantly when summoned by the voice of pleasure and of error; and before he set off for the archery ground he told me he sincerely repented his promise to my mother.

I did not reply, but shook my head mournfully.

"Psha!" said he, "that ever a fine woman like you, Helen, should wish to appear in her husband's eyes little better than a constant *memento mori*? Helen, an arrow cannot fly as far in a wet as in a dry day; and a laughing eye hits where a tearful one fails. You see I already steal my metaphors from my new study. But good-bye, sweet Helen! and when I return let me find you a little less dismal."

This was not the way to make me so; nor were his daily visits at this seducing house which began in the morning, and lasted till he came home to dress for dinner; he then returned thither to stay till evening. At last he chose to dress there, and he did not return till night; nor, perhaps, would he have done that, had there not been some house-breaking in our neighborhood, and he was afraid of leaving the house so ill-defended. I think that pique and resentment had some share in making him thus increase in the length as well as constancy of his visits; for I saw but too clearly that he continued offended with my poor mother; and I doubted not but that he had owned she was the cause of my refusal to visit at the house, and that *Lady* Martindale had added force to this bitter feeling.

But he soon lost all resentment against my beloved parent. Not very long after his painful conversation with her, I was summoned to her, as she was to ill to rise, and had sent for medical advice.

"Go for my husband instantly," cried I.

"My mistress forbade me go for him," replied her faithful Juan, (one of my father's manumitted slaves,) "and I cannot go."

"Then she does not think very ill of *herself*" said I.

"No, but I think very bad indeed."

And when I saw her, my fears were as strongly excited.

"I am going, I am going *fast*, my child," said she; "but I do not wish to have Pendarves sent for yet; I wish to have you a little while without any divided feelings, and *all my own* once more; when *he* comes, the wife will seduce away the child."

"How can you think so!" said I, giving way to an agony of grief; "and how can you be so barbarous as to tell me you are dying?"

"My poor child! I wished long ago to prepare you, but you would not be prepared. For your sake I still wished to live. You would have *better* spared me years ago, Helen! But this is cruel; and *I* will try to behave better."

As soon as her physician arrived, and had felt her pulse, I saw by his countenance that he was considerably alarmed; and the first feeling of my heart was to send for my husband, for him on whom I had been accustomed to rely in the hour of affliction. But *I dared* not, after what had passed; and I tried to rally all the powers of my mind to meet the impending evil, while *I raised my thoughts* to Him who listens to the cry of the orphan.

The physician had promised to come again in the evening. He did so; and then I learnt that there was *indeed* no hope; and I also learnt, by the agony of that moment, that I had in reality hoped till then; and, more like an automaton than aught alive, I sat by the new fast-exhausting sufferer.

Pendarves returned at night, and heard with anguish uncontrollable, not only that my mother was dying, but had forbidden that he should be sent for; and he arrived at the house in a state little short of distraction, nor could he be kept from the chamber of death.

His countenance, as he stood at the foot of the bed, told all the agony of his mind. They tell me so, for I saw him not; I could only see that object whom I was soon to behold no more!

My mother knew him; read, no doubt, all his wild wan look expressed; and smiling kindly, held out her hand to him. He was instantly on his knees by her bedside; and she seemed, from the look she gave him, to feel all the maternal love for him revive which she had experienced through life.

Your husband, my dear friend, now came to perform his interesting duty, and we left her alone with him.

Oh! what a night succeeded! but Pendarves felt more than I. My faculties were benumbed; I had made such unnatural efforts for some time past to appear cheerful, while my heart was breaking, that I was too much exhausted to be able to endure this new demand on my fortitude and strength; therefore already was that merciful stupor coming over me, which saved, I firmly believe, both my life and my reason.

My mother frequently, during that night, joined my hand in that of Pendarves, grasped them thus united, while her eyes were raised to Heaven in prayer, but spoke not. At length, however, just as the last moment was approaching, she faltered out,

"Seymour, be kind, be very kind to my poor child; she has only you now."

He replied by clasping me to his breast; and in one moment more, all was over!

You know what followed; you know that for many weeks I was blessedly unconscious of everything, and that I lay between death and life under the dominion of fever. My first return of consciousness and of speech showed itself thus:—I heard voices below, and recognised them, no doubt, as female voices; for I drew back the curtain, and asked my mother's faithful Alice whose voice I heard. But the joy my speaking gave the poor creature was instantly damped, for I added—"But I conclude it is my mother's voice, and I dare say she will be here presently."

Alice, bursting into tears, replied,

"Your blessed mother never can come now."

"Oh, but by-and-by will do;" and I closed my eyes again.

Alice now ran down to call my husband, and tell him what had passed. The voices I heard were those of Mrs. Oswald and Lady Martindale, who had called every day to inquire for me; and Pendarves had been this day prevailed upon to go down to them. But he bitterly repented his complaisance when he found I had heard them talking; though he rejoiced in my restored hearing, which had seemed quite gone. He hastily, therefore, dismissed his visitors, and resumed his station by my bedside. I knew him, and spoke to him; but damped all his satisfaction by asking for my mother, and wondering where she was. He could not answer me, and was doubtful what he ought to reply when he recovered himself.

At this moment the physician entered; and hearing what had passed, declared that the sooner he could make me understand what had happened, and shed tears (for I had shed none yet,) the sooner I should recover; and he advised his beginning to do it directly.

Accordingly, when I again asked for her he said:

"Do you not see my black coat, Helen? and do you not remember our loss?"

"Oh, yes; but I thought our mourning for the dear child was over."

"You see!" said Pendarves, mournfully.

The physician replied:

"Till her memory is restored, though her life is spared, a cure is far distant; but persevere."

In a fortnight I was able to take air; but I still wondered where my mother was, though I soon forgot her again.

But one day Pendarves asked me if I would go and visit the grave of my child, which I had not visited for some time. I thankfully complied, and he dragged me in a garden-chair to the church-door.

It was not without considerable emotion that he supported me to that marble slab which now covered my mother as well as my child, and I caught some of his trembling agitation.

"Look there, my poor Helen!" said he.

I did look, and read the name of my child.

"Look lower yet."

I did so, and the words "Julia Pendarves," with the sad *et cetera*, met my view, and seemed to restore my shattered comprehension.

In a moment the whole agonizing truth rushed upon my mind; and throwing myself on the cold stone, I called upon my departed parent, and wept till I was deluged in tears, and had sobbed myself into the stillness of exhaustion.

"Thank God, thou art restored, my beloved, and all will yet, I trust, be well," said my husband, as he bore me away.

From that time my memory returned, and with it so acute a feeling of what I had lost, that I fear I was ungrateful enough to regret my imbecility.

I now insisted on hearing details of all that had occurred since my illness; and I found that my uncle and aunt had come down to attend the funeral of my mother, and that Lord Charles had attended uninvited, to pay her that tribute of respect—nor had he returned to London till my life was declared out of danger. How deeply I felt this attention! I also heard that the ladies at the Lodge pestered my husband with letters, to prevail on him to spare his sensibility the pain of following my *last parent to the grave; but that, however he* shrunk from the task, he had treated their request with the utmost disregard, saying that if he had no other motive, the certainty that he was doing what *I* should have wished, was sufficient.

When I was quite restored to strength, both of mind and body, Pendarves gave me the key of my mother's papers, which he had carefully sealed up. My mother left no *will*, as she wished me to inherit everything; but in a little paper directed to Pendarves, she desired that an income might be settled on Juan and Alice, which would make them comfortable and independent for life; that her friends, the De Waldens, might have some memorial of her given to them; and that Lord Charles might have her travelling writing-desk."

Oh! what overwhelming feelings I endured while looking over papers, containing a sketch of her life—her reflections and prayers, when I married Pendarves—a character of Lady Helen, her husband, and of my father—and many fragments, all indicative of a mother's love and a mother's anxiety. But tender sorrow was suspended by curiosity, when I found one letter from Ferdinand De Walden! It was evidently written in answer to one from her, in which she had described me as suffering deeply, but, on principle, trying to appear cheerful, and for her sake dutifully trying to conceal from her the agony of my heart. What *else* had she said, was very evident from the parts of the letter which I transcribe—translating it from the French:

"Yes! you only, I believe, do me justice, I should have been a more devoted husband than Pendarves, having my affections built, I trust, on a firmer foundation than his—viz.: a purifying faith, and its results, pure habits. Still, I know not how to excuse his conduct towards such an angel! for, oh! that faded cheek, and that shrunk form—that dejection of spirits from a mother's sorrows which seem to have alienated *him*, would have endeared her to me still more fondly—"

I had resolution enough, my dear friend, to pause here, and *read no more;* nay, distrusting my own strength, I had the courage to commit the dangerous letter to the flames—and that was, indeed, an exertion of duty.

I shall pass lightly and rapidly over the next few months. My husband gradually resumed his intercourse at the Lodge, while I, to conceal as much as possible his neglect, paid and received visits; and Mrs. Ridley and my aunt were by turns my guests, for I had now lost my dread of the latter. She had nothing to tell but what I knew already, except that she believed my husband more criminal than I did or could think him, and that I positively forbade her ever to *name* him to me again. I also visited you, and did all I could to fly from a feeling of conscious desolation which was ever present to me since I lost my mother. In all other afflictions, I had her to rely upon—I had her to soothe and to comfort me; but who had I to console me for the loss of her? on whose never-to-be-abated tenderness could I rely? Other ties, if destroyed, may be formed again: but we can have parents only *once*—and I had lost my mother, my sole surviving parent, at a moment when I wanted her most. Still, I roused myself from my lethargy of grief, and "sorrowed" *not* like "one without hope." But the misery of disappointed and wounded affections preyed on me while tenderer woes slumbered, and my health continued to fade, my youth to decay.

My kind aunt and Mrs. Ridley were both just come on a visit to me, when Pendarves signified his intention of accompanying his friends on a tour to the Lakes. He said his health had suffered much from his anxiety during my illness, and he thought the journey would do him good.

"Then take your wife a journey," cried my aunt, bluntly; "she wants it more than you do."

"She will not accompany my friends," replied he; "and my *word* is pledged to go with them."

"Is a pledge given to friends more sacred than duty to a wife, Mr. Seymour Pendarves?"

"Is it a husband's duty never to stir without his wife, madam?"

"My dear aunt, you forget," said I, "how unfit I am to travel; quiet and home suit me best."

"It is well they do," said my aunt, and Seymour left the room.

I will pass over the time that intervened before Seymour's departure; suffice that I tried to attribute his still frequent absences from home to his dislike of his aunt's society; and in the meanwhile I masked an aching heart in smiles, that no one might have the authority of my dejected spirits to found an accusation of my husband upon.

At length the day of Seymour's departure arrived, and we had an affectionate, and, on my side, a tearful parting; but I recovered myself soon; and though I deeply felt the unkindness of his leaving me after my recent affliction, I declared it the wisest thing he could do, and that I hoped he would find me fat and cheerful on his return. But I saw that I did not make converts of my *auditors;* and that Lord Charles Belmour, who called to inquire after my health, absolutely *started* when he found that Seymour was gone away on a journey. I could not bear this, but left the room;—for I could not, would not, either by look or word, blame my husband; and I could not bear to observe that he was blamed by others.

At the end of three weeks, my uncle came down to fetch his wife; and I heard, with a satisfaction which I could not conceal, that my uncle hoped he should be able to prove that Lady Martindale, as she was called, was a spy of the Convention, and that he could get her sent out of the country on the Alien Bill—for that she was undoubtedly the mistress, not the wife, of Lord Martindale. I also learned that Lord Charles had been indefatigable in using his exertions and his interest to effect this purpose, in hopes, as my aunt said, of opening my husband's eyes; and she thought, when he saw that his uncle and his friend were thus active and watchful to save him from perdition, that he could not refuse to be convinced and saved.

Alas! we none of us as yet knew Pendarves. We did not know that in proportion to conscious strength of mind is the capacity of conviction, and that no one is so jealous of interference, and so averse to being proved in the wrong, as those who are most prone to err and most conscious of weakness. My uncle and aunt went away in high spirits, at the idea of the good which was going to accrue to me from their exertions; and left me much cheered in my prospects, little thinking of the blow which these exertions were ensuring to me.

My husband wrote to me on his journey about twice a week; but as he rarely did so till the post was just going out, or the horses were waiting, I was convinced either that he had lost all remains of tenderness for me, or that, conscious of acting ill, he could not bear to write.

When he had been gone two months, I was expecting his arrival in London every day, and with no small anxiety; for my uncle had written me word that as soon as Annette Beauvais (for that was her real name) arrived in town, she would be seized by the officers employed by government, and be shipped off directly for Altona, whither Lord Martindale, who was reckoned a dangerous, disloyal subject, would be advised to accompany her.

But while I was pleasing myself with the idea that Pendarves, when convinced of the real character of those with whom he associated so intimately, would return to me, thankful for the discovery, and that in the detected courtesan and spy he would forget the fascinating companion, a very different end was preparing for the well-intentioned plan of our friend and relation.

Pendarves, not choosing to fail in respect to his uncle, and resolved to consider himself as on good terms with him, called at his house in Stratford Place; but unfortunately found only Mrs. Pendarves. The consequence you may easily foresee. She reproached him with his cruel neglect of his wife, and then triumphed in the approaching discomfiture of that wicked woman who had lured him from her; informing him, with great exultation, that his uncle had procured her arrestation; that she would be taken up directly, and sent abroad; and that his angel-wife was expecting his return to her with eager and affectionate love.

"And was my wife privy to this injustice and this outrage?" asked Pendarves, with a faltering voice and a flashing eye.

"To be sure she was."

"Then she may expect me, madam, but I will never return!" Having said this, he rushed from the house, and hurried back to the lodgings. He found Lady Martindale, as she still persisted in calling herself, in fits, and Lord Martindale threatening, but in vain. The warrant was executed, and the lady forced to set off, her lord having a hint given him, which made his retreat advisable also.

"You shall not go *alone*, my friends," said Pendarves as soon as he saw that their banishment was certain; "and as my family have presumed to *procure* your exile, they shall find that they have exiled me too."

So saying, he left the house, obtained a passport as an American, which you know he was, as well as myself, by birth, and soon overtaking them, he travelled with them, and embarked with them for Altona.

He wrote to me from the port whence they embarked, and such a letter! I thought I should never have held up my head after it. He reproached me for joining the mean cabal against an injured and innocent woman, and declared that as I and his uncle had caused her exile, he felt it his duty to soothe and to *share* it.

In a postcript, he told me he had drawn for all the money that was in his banker's hands, before he set out on his journey; that he wished me to let our house, and remove into my mother's, which was still empty; that he trusted I would not let him want in a foreign land, for in some respects he knew I could be generous; but he feared the income of *his* fortune must be appropriated to the payment of his debts, which were so many, he feared he could not return, even if he wished to, except at the danger of losing his personal liberty.—He trusted, therefore, that I would join my uncle in settling his affairs; and if he wanted money to support him, he knew I would spare him some out of the fortune which came to me on the death of my mother, the income of which *I*, and I alone, could receive.

In the midst of the wretchedness inflicted by this letter—for it was my nature to cling to hope—I eagerly caught at the high idea of my conjugal virtues which this cruel letter implied; and I trusted that, when intimate association had completely unmasked this syren and her paramour, he would prize me the more from contrast, and hasten home to receive my eagerly bestowed forgiveness. But the order to let the house was so indicative of a separation *meant* to be long, if not eternal, that again and again I went from hope to despair. But there was one sorrow converted into rejoicing. Till now I had grieved that my mother was no more, but *now* I rejoiced to think that this last terrible blow was spared her; that she did not live to witness the grief of her worse than widowed daughter, nor to see the degradation of the beloved son of her idolized Lady Helen.—Degradation did I say? Yes; but I still persisted to excuse my husband, and would not own, even to *myself*, that he was without excuse for his conduct. I thought it was *generous* in him not to forsake his friends in their distress, nor would I allow any one to *hint* at the probability that his female companion was his mistress.

I also resolved to justify his reliance on my exertions and my generosity. I wrote to my uncle, I made myself acquainted with all his embarrassments, I dismissed every servant but Alice and Juan, and I set apart two-thirds of my own income also for the payment of the debts.

My uncle would fain have interfered, and advanced me the money; but I had a pride and a pleasure in making sacrifices for my husband's sake, and I wished Mr. Pendarves to leave him money in his will, as a resource for him when he should return to England, and I should be no more; for I fancied that I was far gone in a rapid decline. But I mistook nervous symptoms, the result of a distressed mind, for consumptive ones; and to my great surprise, when I had arranged my husband's affairs, and had, while so employed, been forced to visit London once or twice, and associate with the friends who loved and honored me, my pain in the side decreased, my pulse became slower, my appetite returned, and I recovered something of my former appearance. But it was now the end of the winter of 1793, and the Reign of Terror had long been begun in France, while we heard from every quarter that the English there were in the utmost danger on account of the unpopularity of the English Government; that all were leaving France who could get away; and Pendarves was gone to Paris! But then he was an American. Still, I could not divest myself of fears for his life; and the horrible idea of his pining in a foreign land, in a prison and in poverty, (for though he had written to say he was arrived in Paris, he had not drawn for money, nor given his address,) haunted me continually. To be brief: you know how the idea of my husband's danger took entire possession of my imagination, till I conceived it to be my duty to set off for Paris.

You remember that you and your husband both dissuaded me from the rash and hazardous undertaking: and that I replied, "I have now but one object of interest in the world, the husband of my love! True, a romantic generosity, and what he calls just resentment, have led him for the present to forsake his country and *me*; but that is no reason why I should forsake *him*, and who knows but that the result of my self-devotion may restore him to me more attached than ever!" You know that you listened, admired and almost encouraged me, and that you have always considered this determination as the crown of my conjugal glory, and held it up as a bright example of a wife's duty. But, my dear friend, my own softened judgment, and the lessons of experience, together with reproof from lips that never can deceive, and a judgment that can rarely err, have convinced me that I rather *violated* than *performed* a wife's duty when I set off on this romantic expedition to France.

No, if ever I deserved the character of a good wife, it was from the passive fortitude and the patient spirit with which I bore up against neglect, wounded affections, and slighted tenderness. It was the sense of duty which led me to throw a veil over my husband's faults, which held him up when his own errors had cast him down, and which led me still, in strict compliance with my marriage vows, to obey and honor him by all a wife's attentions, even when I feared that he deserved not my esteem.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The following advertisement appears in the St. Louis Republican:

"*Engaged.*—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, K. T.

"From this time henceforth and forever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young gentlemen are requested to withdraw their particular attentions."

☞ Convince a wise man of his error, and he will thank you; convince a fool, and he will insult you.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Canada brings Liverpool dates to the 25th. The news is mostly unimportant.

In cotton, the Broker's Circular quotes an advance during the week of 1-16d, closing with quotations barely maintained. Holders offer freely, but show no disposition to press sales. Other circulars quote the market firmer, but not quotably higher.

Atlantic Telegraph shares are quoted at three hundred to three hundred and thirty.

The new telegraph cable between England and Holland had been successfully laid.

Two thousand additional troops had been ordered to India.

The British Board of Trade returns for August show a decrease in the exports for August of over half a million sterling, compared with the same month last year. This exhibits an improvement upon the recent return. The imports continue to show a large increase in wheat and flour.

The Emperor of China is to have conferred on him the Grand Cordon of Saint Vladimir from Russia, and the Legion of Honor of France.

The States General of Holland was opened by the King in person on the 20th ult. In his address the King expressed a hope that the States General would receive favorably the measures concerted to abolish slavery in the Dutch Colonies.

The Spanish Government has ordered a new reinforcement of 3,000 troops, and all the large vessels of war unemployed, to proceed immediately to Cuba.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET, Sept. 24.—Breadstuffs dull and declining. Flour very dull, and holders are pressing their stocks on the market. The market closed with a declining tendency, though quotations are generally unchanged. Wheat is quiet. Corn is dull and quotations are nominal—Messrs. Digland, Athya & Co.'s circular quotes a decline of 1s. on the week.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET, Sept. 24.—The market closes dull. Beef is heavy; Pork quiet; Bacon quiet, with a decline, chiefly on inferior qualities. Lard dull. Sugar is steady.

The money market is decidedly easier. The bullion in the Bank of England has increased £488,000 since the previous return.

TEN DAYS LATER NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA—BY THE OVERLAND MAIL.—WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The President received a telegraphic despatch from John Butterfield, President of the Overland Mail Company, dated St. Louis, October 9th, informing him that the great overland mail arrived there to-day from San Francisco, in twenty-three days and four hours. The stages brought through six passengers.

The President replied by telegraph, as follows:—

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9, 1858.

John Butterfield, President of the Overland Mail Company—Sir: Your despatch has been received. I cordially congratulate you upon the result. It is a glorious triumph for civilization and the Union. Settlements will soon follow the course of the road, and "the East and the West" will be bound together by a chain of living Americans which can never be broken. (Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 10.—The Overland California Mail arrived at 9 o'clock last night, bringing dates to the 16th ult., ten days later than previous advices via Panama.

A large number of prominent citizens assembled at the Pacific Railroad Depot on the arrival of the train from Jefferson City. Col. Butterfield was greeted with a hearty welcome, and formally received in a brief but highly complimentary speech by John F. Darby, in behalf of the citizens.

Colonel Butterfield responded in an appropriate manner, returning thanks for the unexpected demonstration and cordial approval of his labors by the citizens of St. Louis. The mails were escorted to the Post-Office by a long procession and bands of music.

The news from Fraser River is unimportant. The water is still too high for successful mining purposes.

Trade at Victoria was much depressed.

Dates from Oregon to the 8th. Major Marnett has had a skirmish with the Indians on the O'Kanagan. Lieut. Allen and six Indians were killed.

A party of miners, under Major Robinson, had been attacked by Indians on the Wenatche, and one white man was killed.

A rumor attained credit, at Dalles, that General Palmer's party had been massacred, near O'Kannagan.

Good diggings had been found on the Wenatche.

The Santa Fe mail has also arrived. The Navajar Indians still refuse to surrender the murderer of Major Brooks' servant.

On the 29th of August, a fight occurred between a small detachment of troops, under Major McLean, and a party of Indians, at Bear Springs. McLean was severely wounded and six or eight Navagoes were killed.

Col. Loring's command was expected at Fort Union in a few days. Gen. Garland, Major Nichols and Capt. Easton had left for the States.

THE daisy teacheth lowliness of mind;
The chamomile, we should be patient still;
The rue, our hate of vice's poison ill;
The woodbine, that we should our friendship hold,
Our hope the savory in the bitterest cold.
—*Henry Peacham*, 1600.

☞ Look not mournfully into the past,—it cannot return: wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow.*

☞ It is a hard matter for a man to lie all over, nature having provided King's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way, and the knees will smite together, and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance.

YOUNG HOPEFUL (*loquacious*).

Oh, father—father, ever dear,
To my young mind 'tis not quite clear
Why straps you on your trowsers wear.

PATERFAMILIAS.

To keep my trowsers down, my dear.

HOPEFUL.

Then what are braces for, *mon pere?*

THE GOVERNOR (*majestically*).

To keep my trowsers up, my dear.
Exit Pater, soliloquising.

What curious questions children ask—
To answer them is quite a task.
—*Punch.*

☞ The expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person.—*Emerson.*

☞ THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from a shower in an umbrella shop.—*Punch.*

☞ "Will you have it rare or well done?" said an Englishman to an Irishman, a few days ago, as he was cutting a piece of roast beef. "I love it well done ever since I am in this country," replied Pat, "for it was rare enough we used to ate in Ireland."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE law for the protection of steamboat passengers has greatly diminished the loss of life and property on our rivers. For five years previous to its passage the number of steamboat explosions was 50, with the loss of 1,571 lives. For the five years since its passage the number of explosions has been 7, and the loss of life from all disasters 346. A similar law enacted by this and other governments, the commerce of which forms a large part of its trade, might be advantageously extended to steamships upon the Atlantic.

CHINA.—The advices from Canton by the last European arrivals show a very bad feeling existing between the Chinese and their conquerors. An officer serving at Canton describes several attacks made upon the soldiers when in detached parties, and their frequent assassination. The Chinese, it appears, dig the graves of the guards and then stealthily fall upon and kill them, cutting off their heads and carrying them away.

COPPER HEAD SNAKE EVACUATED FROM A CHILD'S STOMACH.—The Cleveland Review says that on Friday week, a son of Captain Connelly, about fourteen years of age, was relieved, by passage through his bowels, of a "copper-head snake," a foot and a half long. How it found its way into his stomach is a matter of conjecture merely. The boy for a long time had a ravenous appetite, which excited notice, and had frequently spoken of feeling "something crawling in his body."

MINISTER TO SPAIN.—Hon. William Preston, of Kentucky, formerly a member of Congress from the Louisville district, has been appointed United States Minister to the Court of Madrid. He has accepted the appointment, and will soon depart to begin his duties.

NICARAGUA.—Secretary Cass's decided letter to the Nicaraguan government has produced its effect. The minister from that country has disavowed, in the fullest manner, the intention of his government to insult or give offence to the United States in the Belly negotiations, or in language used with respect to the government or people of this republic.

It was the desire of the Administration that Gen. Denver should recall his resignation of the Governorship of Kansas, but he declined doing so.

THE U. S. Marshal of New York has arrested, at New Bedford, the mate and four of the crew of the brig Haidee, which, after landing 900 slaves on the Cuban coast, near Careenas, was scuttled and sunk, off Montauk. The Haidee was a New Bedford vessel.

MAIL ROBBER ARRESTED.—Levi Long, postmaster at Pleasant Union, Pa., was arrested on Monday week, on a charge of purloining money letters from the mails. He was committed to jail.

WATER IN TEXAN DESERT.—The project of obtaining water on Llano Estacado, by means of Artesian wells, has proved a failure. The appropriation has been used up, and Captain Pope has abandoned his machinery and returned to his regular duty in the army. Water was reached, to be sure, in some of the borings; but it was of very bad quality, and would nowhere rise nearer to the surface than a hundred and eighty feet.

THE HOG MARKET.—About 2,000 head of hogs were sold at Cincinnati, Ohio, during the past week, at $5,50 nett, to be delivered the last two weeks of November and the first two weeks of December, and there is some demand at this rate.

THE line of steamers between Liverpool and New York and Boston, known as the Cunard line, commenced running *eighteen years* ago, and have continued ever since to make their trips regularly, excepting a short interval during the Crimean war, when they were chartered by the British government. They leave on each side once a week, and carry a large number of passengers—averaging two hundred souls on board each trip. *During all these years not a single life has been lost by any casualty on board these vessels.* The Columbia is the only one of their ships that has been lost—she stranded on a reef near Halifax, in a fog—passengers and crew all rescued.

DURING the seventeenth century, the patents granted for inventions in England were 250; in the next hundred years they amounted to 2,500, and in the first fifty years of the present century they had exceeded 250,000.

DULL COURTING.—On Saturday night, 2d inst., a spruce young fellow from somewhere about Quincy, Pennsylvania, went to Port Providence to pay his devoirs to his dulcinea. It appears in their long and tedious courting they fell asleep. The mahogany table, on which the candle was left burning, took fire, and was considerably injured before they awoke. Young folks, take advice, and do not prolong your sitting to an unreasonable hour. Let your courtship be short and sweet.

RATHER HIGH-BRED.—A. Keene Richards, of Georgetown, Kentucky, has determined to purchase the celebrated English race-horse, Fisherman, and bring him to this country.—The price to be paid for him is $30,000.

One printer recently shot another in Louisville, Kentucky, for calling him a "d—d rat," and finally striking him in the face.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Democrats of the eighth district have nominated B. F. Butler, of Lowell, for Congress. The Republicans of the third Congressional district have nominated Charles Francis Adams.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.—A new trade is said to be springing up between the Utah and Piedes Indians of Utah Territory, that of buying and selling squaws. They have, no doubt, been studying the domestic economy of their Mormon neighbors, and are endeavoring to improve upon that highly moral code.

COTTON IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—Letters from Central America state that cotton planting is attracting considerable attention there. Samples of some grown have been favorably classed by the English judges, and the Manchester Cotton Supply Association are distributing a considerable quantity of seed throughout Central America.

A REVELATION.—It is reported in Great Salt Lake City that Brigham Young has received a revelation from the Lord commanding him to hold his voice for a season. The secret of the "revelation" was exposed by one of Brigham's wives in conversation with a Gentile, when she said, "Brigham will not preach again so long as there is a Gentile short-hand reporter here to take down his discourses."

THEY have *dust* spouts in Utah, the same as water spouts, except the material—although the dust, from its light character, rises more readily and to a greater height.

ELOPEMENT.—The New Orleans (La.) Crescent states that a lady, the wife of a most respectable merchant of that city, and the mother of three children, left the house of her husband, who is now in the North, for parts unknown. She left a note for him, stating that he need not trouble himself about the children, as none of them was his. A relative of the lady followed, and had an interview with her, beseeching her to return, &c., but she spurned the idea, alleging disparity of age, disagreement of temper, and other things, as full justification for the step she had taken.

DENNIS DENTON, the wealthiest man in Macon, Georgia, died a few days ago, having made his will, in which he bequeathed $250 to each of his two children, and $495,000 to the Roman Catholic Church of that city!

A CONFESSED MURDERER.—Yoe Platt, who died recently near Detroit, Mich., confessed a little while before his death that he had murdered a family, named Johnson, near Fentonville, in that State, about a year ago, for which he received $300.

TOBACCO IN VIRGINIA.—A large portion of the finest tobacco of this year's growth has been gathered and housed in good condition, and is now undergoing the curing process. The planters say that what they lack in quantity is made up in quality, and that the crop will be "short and sweet."

IT is stated that the yellow fever patients in the Quarantine Grounds at Staten Island were markedly benefitted by the burning of the Hospital over their heads. It was a sort of kill-or-cure remedy, that we hope may not often be tried, but there can be no doubt that the excitement, the fresh air, and the burning up of old and infectious places may have been highly beneficial.

ELECTION IN A MONASTERY.—On the 17th ult., an election for Abbot was held at the Abbey of St. Vincent, near Latrobe, Westmoreland co., Pa., when the Rev. Boniface Wimmer was unanimously re-elected Abbot. He is now Abbot for life.

THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION at New Orleans have issued another notice warning strangers to keep away from the city till the yellow fever has decreased. The existence of the fever seems to be now dependent on the influx of strangers, who rapidly fall victims.

THE NOVEL STEAMSHIP built by the Messrs. Winans, Baltimore, to cross the ocean in six days, is being launched. The process is a slow one, the vessel being launched sideways, and is moved down her ways by the force of two large screws, at the rate of about five feet per hour. Monday afternoon she had reached the edge of the wharf, or about twenty-five feet from her original position. She was then about sixty or seventy feet from the end of the ways. This queer looking craft attracts a great deal of notice. The Baltimore Sun describes the propelling machinery as follows:

"Take a plain flat ring off your finger and run it on to the middle of a cigar, upon which it is to revolve freely by a power applied inside, which in the vessel consists of four steam engines placed amidships. Now to this ring attach at equal distances all round it flanges set at an angle adapted to act upon the water as propellers, striking the water by the swift and powerful revolution of the wheel around the body of the vessel. This wheel is covered all around by a belt of iron broad enough to enclose the wheel and extend some four feet on each side beyond it; this belt is supported by plates of iron standing edgewise from the surface of the vessel, to which they are rivetted. These plates of iron divide the space under the belt on each side of the wheel into compartments, and these compartments above the water line are again closed at the side next the wheel, shutting it entirely from view. Below the water line they are, of course, open to admit the free action of the wheel upon the water."

WILD LOVE.—A case of "love at first sight" is recorded by the London *Court Circular* in a story of a man "who is now in St. Luke's madhouse, and has been detained there ever since the occurrence took place, which consigned him to its walls. Lady ——— was exquisitely fair, so singularly graceful that it was difficult for the eye of man to behold her without preferring her to any other of her sex. A porter was sent from a railway terminus to this lady by her brother; this man, the present occupant of St. Luke's, got to the door in Paris Lane just as the beauty alighted out of her carriage from an airing in Hyde Park. The man, who had never seen Lady ——— as she was then tripping up stairs, asked a servant for the lady to whom the letter was directed, and was answered, he might give the letter to him for his lady. On the poor fellow's refusal, as he was ordered to deliver it into her own hands, he was shown into her apartment. The man, being with the lady alone whilst she was employed reading the letter, fixed his eyes on her intently, as if lost in thought; but before she had done reading it, he violently, and with transport, flew into her arms, and gave her numberless devouring kisses. Lady ——— was so surprised that she lost the power of crying out; but in the struggle with such a sudden and strange lover, she caught hold of the string of the bell, rang it violently, and a servant appeared. From that moment the unhappy man lost his reason, and was committed to the mad-house. It is due to Lady ——— to state the fact, that the maniac lover is frequently visited, and wholly supported by her."

THE SCOTCH WATER PIPE CONTRACT FORFEITED.—WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—The Washington Union of this morning contains the following:—

"We understand that the contract of Mr. Lawrence Myers, of Philadelphia, for cast-iron pipes for the Washington aqueduct, was yesterday forfeited, on the recommendation of the engineer in charge of the work, for the reason that the contractor has not complied with its provisions, by delivering the thirty-inch pipes within the time specified, viz.: the first of October.

"The contract was given to Mr. Myers, though not the lowest bidder, because he offered to deliver those pipes within the specified time. It is clearly proper, therefore, that, having failed in this condition, the contract should be forfeited. We may also state that, as the pipes are required for the service of the aqueduct as soon as possible, we presume that they will be purchased from our own makers, who may be able to deliver them soonest; and thus this matter, which has been a sore trouble to some of our friends in Pennsylvania, will be settled in a manner satisfactory to all parties, except the defaulting contractor."

THE PRENSA, of Havana, announces that the surveys and estimates of the proposed line between Cuba and the Continent have been made, the soundings between Key West and Havana having been made by United States vessels, without cost to the Company. The route will be from Key West to St. Marks, 425 miles of submarine cable, allowing ten per cent. for slack; from St. Marks to Tallahassee, 25 miles of wire on poles; from Tallahassee to Albany, Ga., 80 miles of do., and from Albany to Macon, Ga., 100 miles of do. At Macon, the wire will connect with all the other wires of the Union. The estimated cost of the submarine cable will be $500 a $600 per mile, and of the land wire $200 a $300. From Key West to Havana will be 90 miles of cable, including the allowance of slack. The cost of working the line is estimated at $30,000 per annum, all included.

TO STOP A RAILROAD TRAIN.—A correspondent of the Washington (D. C.) Intelligencer proposes to "stop a train of railroad cars whatever may be its running speed," by having an oil vessel placed in front of the driving wheels, and immediately over the rails on each side of the track, with a communicating string leading to the engineer's stand; almost immediately a constant stream of oil could be poured on the rails, and the forward motion of the train would entirely cease when, or soon after, the last car of the train reached the oiled portion of the rails. By having another fixture not differing materially from the first, in the rear of the hindmost car, immediately overhanging the rails on either side of the track, a stream of sand could be poured on the rails, thus preventing another train from being stopped by the same cause.

TO PUT OUT A FIRE ON BOARD A STEAM-VESSEL.—Run steam-pipes on all the decks, the whole length of the ship; fix to them, from place to place, steam-valves and unions for moveable pipes or hoses, and as soon as an alarm is given, pour a powerful, or several powerful streams of steam on the fire, which is sure thus to be subdued. Steam is, as every one knows, in all cases, the *best*, and, in some, the *only* agent that will put out a fire; and a steamship affords such facilities to apply this agent that it is incredible that it should not be resorted to.

☞ Did anybody ever know a man that bore malice against his neighbor, to possess any brains, or a mind strong enough to think an idea to sleep?

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—Mr. Varley, "the Electrician of the Electric and International Telegraph Company"—so he is styled by the Company—has made a report in England on the state of the cable as observed by him on the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of September, and we regret to say it is by no means encouraging. He finds "a fault of great magnitude, at a distance of between 245 and 300 statute miles from Valentia," and possibly in water of but 410 fathoms in depth.

He finds the cable unbroken, but thinks the power used will shortly eat away the exposed copper wire in the faulty place by electrotype decomposition. He is satisfied also that there is another "fault," more distant that this, the approximate locality of which he could not estimate without communication with Newfoundland. From authentic data shown him at Valentia, he is also of opinion that there was a fault in the cable on board the Agamemnon before it was submerged, offering a resistance equal to 1,000 or 1,200 miles of cable, situated at a distance of about 500 miles from one end of the 1,200 mile coil, and supposed to be the fault which caused so much alarm when the ships were 500 miles from Ireland. He is satisfied that the cable has been seriously, if not fatally impaired by the use of too powerful currents from the large induction coils, especially from this side, and that the present conducting strand is too small to have answered its purpose, even had the insulation been sound.

Mr. Varley closes his discouraging catalogue with what, though intended to convey some consolation to the directors, is perhaps the most discouraging part of his report. He says, "It is not, however, altogether impossible that some intelligible signals, may yet be received through the cable, as stated in my previous communication." He does not say that such a result is even probable, much less that the present cable can ever be turned to any practical use, but implies a contrary opinion. The publication of such a report by the company is a practical admission that they cannot escape its conclusions, and that they have no better face to put upon the matter.

THE LEVIATHAN WANTED FOR THE FRENCH NAVY.—The Emperor is in treaty for the purchase of the Leviathan. The negotiations for the purchase were interrupted by his declaration, that he might possibly offend the Queen of England. Her Majesty is, however, understood to have replied, that the Leviathan was purely a commercial speculation, with which the Government had nothing to do. They were then renewed by the Emperor, who is extremely desirous to possess the big ship, which would be used as a tremendous sea battering-ram; the bows would be reinforced by stupendous iron beams, and girders of immense size and strength, and sharpened, that she might cut down any ship by a collision. Thus armed, propelled by the combined forces of 2,400 horses, her broad acres of canvas spread forth to catch additional impetus from the winds, the sea Titan would rush forth into the ocean in search of prey; and where is the ship that could either elude or resist a foe of such might and magnitude? It is for such a purpose that the Leviathan would be added to the French navy, but Ministers are opposed to the acquisition. Although the Emperor is wont to pay but little attention to their opinions, their arguments carry some weight with them. Already nearly one million of sovereigns have been expended in the construction of this costly toy; the company agree to accept £600,000 for their ship, which, if constructed in a French dockyard, would cost considerably more, but the Cabinet urges the Emperor not to disburse so large a sum, for which three or four of the frigates "*cuirasses*" could be built; and there the negotiations rest at the present, the Emperor having gone off to Biarritz without coming to any decision. The offer of the Leviathan to the French Government is suggestive of the truthful apothegm, that fools build houses for wise men to dwell in.—*Morning Advertiser.*

SUCCESS OF THE STEAM PLOUGH.—The State Board of Agriculture of Illinois offered a premium of $5,000 for steam ploughs. It was expected that three different inventions would be exhibited and tested at the State Fair, but only one was on the ground. That was Fawke's locomotive steam plough, Lancaster, Pa., which excited great interest among the prairie farmers, and performed well. The machine and apparatus, with fuel and water, weighs only about seven tons, and by the use of a drum or barre'-shaped driver, for propelling the locomotive, the difficulty of miring in soft soil, and slipping on hard, smooth ground, is overcome. The steam plough is easily managed, and is described as a cross between a locomotive and a tender, combining the essential elements of both, mounted on two guiding wheels and a huge roller. The prairie ground on which it was tried was baked as hard nearly as a brick, but the engine turned six furrows side by side in the most workmanlike manner. The excitement of the crowd was beyond control, and their shouts and wild huzzas echoed far over the prairie.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.—Elections are to be held this month in the nine following States, viz.: Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Iowa, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Minnesota. The elections will take place on the following days:—

Oct. 4th—Georgia, for local officers; Florida, for a member of Congress: Mississippi, for a member of Congress, to fill the vacancy in Quitman's district; Iowa, for Congressmen and State officers.

Oct. 11th—South Carolina, for members of the Legislature. The new Legislature will elect a Governor in place of Governor Allston.

Oct. 12th—Pennsylvania, for State officers and Congressmen; Ohio, do.; Indiana, for Congressmen; Minnesota, for a new House of Representatives, and nineteen Senators. The next Legislature of Minnesota will have to elect a U. S. Senator in place of General Shields, whose term expires March, 1859.

MUTE MARRIAGE SERVICE IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—It is seldom we have witnessed so beautiful a ceremony as the marriage of Miss Ellen I———, of Boston, to Mr. Trist, of Philadelphia, son of the well known negotiator of the Treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, which took place on Tuesday morning, in the pretty parish church at New Brighton, S. I. The bridal couple were both mutes—deaf and dumb from infancy. The Rev. Mr. Irving very slowly and emphatically read the service, which Mr. Gallaudet translated by signs, with wonderful fidelity and rapidity, the bride and groom repeating these signs as they were indicated by their clergyman. Several times the sign-language lingered after the word-language had ceased, and then the silence which reigned in the church, and the breathless interest which enchained every spectator was almost painful.—*New York Express.*

CAUSES OF IDIOCY.—The leading article in the last No. of the Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology, published in London, is by S. G. Howe, M. D., of South Boston, upon the Causes of Idiocy. It is an elaborate essay of over thirty pages, and, after defining the nature, degrees, and extent of idiocy, discusses its causes under the following heads:—The low condition of the physical organization of one or both parents; Intemperance; Self-abuse; Intermarriage of Relatives, and Attempts to procure Abortion.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 154—Adults 80, and children 74.

☞ It is said that ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of woman's heart have not the same salutary instinct.

ODD-FELLOWS' THANKSGIVING DAY.—The United States Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows, at the recent session in this city, adopted the proposition "to set apart the 26th of April, 1859—the fortieth anniversary of the organization of the order, to be observed by the entire membership under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, as a day of thanksgiving by Divine Providence for the unexampled prosperity which has attended the order since its organization on the American continent." The city of New York was selected for the place of this national jubilee, and a committee appointed who are charged with the details. This will be a magnificent display. On a like celebration in Boston, several years ago, ten thousand Odd-Fellows marched in procession.

A NOVEL FEAT.—At Amsterdam there has been a regatta of young men, who walk the water in shoes called *podoschapes*. Herr Oschner has accomplished the feat of walking up the Rhine, from Rotterdam to Cologne, where he arrived on Sunday, August 22d, having started from Rotterdam on the 16th.

THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT—THE CONTRACT FOR PIPE.—KANSAS, Oct. 9.—Captain Meigs is in town, and has contracted with the Warren Foundry and Machine Company, of Phillipsburg, N. J., for a large portion of the pipe for the Washington Aqueduct.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little activity in the Flour market this week, the demand being limited both for export and home consumption. With moderate receipts and stocks, however, holders have been firm in their demands. The sales for export reach 5000 barrels, at $5,50@5,62½ ₱ bbl for standard and better brands; $5,75@6 for extra and $6@6,50 for extra family, including some half barrels at $6 ₱ pair, and some condemned at a price not made public. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the range of the same figures. We observe that the receipts at Buffalo up to the 1st of October reach 1,012,278 barrels, against 387,517 barrels last year, an increase of 624,761 barrels. The increased receipts of Wheat at that point, during the same period, amount to 4,560,000 bus. Rye Flour has been very scarce, and sells only in a small way at $4,25@4,37½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal has advanced 25c ₱ bbl: 300 barrels Pennsylvania sold at $4,25, and 1100 barrels Brandywine on terms not made public.

GRAIN—There has been a steady demand for Wheat for milling at last week's quotations. The sales foot up about 35,000 bushels at $1,10@1,30 ₱ bus for inferior and prime Reds, closing at $1,28 for the latter, and $1,25@1,45 for White. The bulk of the sales, however, were at $1,28 for the former, and $1,35@1,40 for the latter. Rye comes in slowly, but the demand for it has fallen off; 3000 bushels sold at 79@81c for new, and 85c for old. Corn has declined 4c ₱ bushel. About 20,000 bushels Yellow were disposed of at 88@92c for good Yellow, closing at 88c; 89c for White, and 80@84c for damaged, including 800 bushels new at 75@80c. Oats meet a fair inquiry at a further advance. Sales of 16,000 bushels at 43@47c for poor and good Southern, and 50c for old Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—Supplies are coming forward from the West very slowly, and the stocks here are light. Sales of 200 bbls Mess Pork in small lots at $17@18 ₱ bbl, on time, and Prime at $15. Sales of city packed Mess Beef at $16,50 ₱ bbl for ship's stores. There is no export demand for the article. Bacon—There has been some little inquiry, but without change from last week's quotations. Sales of 200 casks; Hams at 10½@12c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 9c, and Shoulders at 7@7½c, cash and short time. Of Green Salted Meats there is very little left in first hands, and there is none coming forward. Sales of 250 casks Hams at 8c, on time; 100 casks Sides mostly at 7½@8c, and 60 casks Shoulders at 6½c. Lard comes forward slowly, and meets a limited inquiry. Sales of bbls and tierces at 11½@11½c, and kegs at 12½@13c ₱ lb, cash. Butter continues to meet a limited inquiry. Sales of solid packed at 11½@13c, and Roll at 14@17c ₱ lb, cash.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue extremely light, but the demand has been limited, and prices continue as last quoted. Sales of 710 bales at 12½c up to 14½c ₱ lb, cash, for low grade and middling fair Uplands, and 13@14½c for New Orleans. 200 bales damaged sold by auction at 6@12½c, cash.

BARK was in good demand early in the week, but at the close there was little or no inquiry.—Sales of 100 hogsheads have been made at $31,50@32 ₱ ton for No 1, and $26@28 for No 2. Tanners' Bark continues to sell at our last quotations.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of good Yellow at 31@32c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL has been very dull. The receipts continue quite moderate, both by railroad and canal, but there is very little inquiry either for home consumption or for the supply of other markets.—Prices, however, continue as last quoted; and as the season advances, it is confidently anticipated that a more desirable state of affairs will exist.

COFFEE—There has been quite an active inquiry, and we advance our quotations ¼@½c ₱ lb. Sales of an entire invoice of 3500 bags Rio at 11½c ₱ lb, 4 mos; 4000 bags do. in lots at 10½c ₱ lb for inferior, up to 12½c ₱ lb for prime; 1400 bags Laguayra at 11½@11¾c, 4 mos; some Cape at 10½c, and a small lot of Java at 15c ₱ lb, cash.

FEATHERS—There are very few here, and good Western readily command 49@50c.

FRUIT—Green Apples come forward slowly and range from $2 to $4,50 as in quality. Dried do. have been arriving rather freely, and are selling from 7 to 7½c, which is a decline. Dried Peaches are more abundant and rather dull. Unpared are worth 10@12c, and pared 15@18c ₱ lb, with sales of 5000 bush at these figures.

HEMP—There has been no transactions worthy of notice.

HIDES are unchanged. About 3000 Caracoas sold at 20c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

HOPS—Continue to meet a limited inquiry, and the sales are only in small lots from 8 to 11c for old, and 15@18c for new.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal has been extremely quiet. Sales of 500 tons No 1 and 2 Anthracite at $21@20, and 300 tons No 3 Forge at $19 ₱ ton, cash. In Scotch Pig no sales, and prices are entirely nominal. A small lot of Charcoal Blooms brought $60, 6 mos. For Railroad Iron, common Bars, and Boiler Iron, there is a steady inquiry at our last quotations.

LEAD—There is but little stock of Pig Lead here, and prices are tending upward.

LEATHER—There is a fair inquiry for prime Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but other kinds are neglected.

LUMBER—There is but little inquiry for any description, and the trade generally is dull. A cargo of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $13,25 ₱ M feet. Laths command $1,15@1,35 ₱ M, according to quality.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet, and the only sales reported are small lots of Cuba at 30@31c, and Porto Rico at 36@38c.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover-seed at the advance noticed last week, and prices are firm. Sales of 1500 bus, at $5,75 ₱ 64 lbs for good old crop, and $5,87½@6 for prime new, mostly at the latter quotation; 800 bus Timothy sold at $2@2,12½ ₱ bus. Flaxseed, if here, would command $1,72.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandies are drooping, but in Gin there has been no change. N E Rum commands 37@38c. Whiskey is in fair request. Sales of 1000 bbls, at 24c for Pennsylvania; 24½c for Ohio; 23½c for hhds, and 22c for drudge.

SUGAR is quiet, and with light supplies and a small stock, prices are unchanged. Sales of 400 hhds Cuba at $7@7½, and Porto Rico at $7¼@7½.

TALLOW—The last sales were at 10½@10¾c ₱ lb for City Rendered, and 9½@10 for Country.

TOBACCO—Prices are quite firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, and there is a steady consumptive demand. The accounts from Virginia, as well as from the West, indicate a higher range of prices.

WOOL—The advanced rates demanded by holders have somewhat tended to restrict the demand. The stocks of the low and medium grades are now extremely light, and of the finer grades, which are now becoming more inquired after, they are quite moderate. Sales of 95,000 lbs, ranging from 33 to 58c—the latter rate for extra fine quality.

MORPHY VERSUS HARWITZ.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* thus speaks of the great chess contest between the American and Prussian champions:

The great chess match between Germany and America—between M. Harwitz, of Prussia, and M. Paul Morphy, of the United States—is now going on in this city at the Cafe de la Regence, in the Rue St. Honore, the head quarters of the lovers of this scientific game. The match is to be won by the gainer of the first seven games. M. Harwitz gained the two first games. Mr. Morphy gained the three next, the last of which was played yesterday afternoon and evening. In the third and fourth games Mr. Morphy made some of the most brilliant and startling moves that ever had been seen in the Cafe de la Regence, and so great was the enthusiasm that telegraphic despatches were sent to the Rhine, to Mery, to the Duke of Brunswick, and other great players, begging them to come and see the wonder of the world. Notwithstanding we are in the midst of the watering season, when all the fashion is supposed at least to be out of town, the Cafe de la Regence is the scene of a crowd, or rather a mob, of distinguished men, and even women, of all nationalities and all tongues. It is believed that Morphy will beat Harwitz, though it is not by any means sure, and, in that case, he becomes the champion of the world, for no man in Europe can beat Harwitz. Harwitz is 27 years old, Morphy but 22. Morphy plays much faster than Harwitz, and, in fact, faster than any adversary he has yet met in Europe, and the boldness and originality of his moves strike the lookers-on with amazement and admiration.

The following, according to Mr. D. Fiske, co-editor, with Mr. Paul Morphy, of the New York *Chess Monthly*, is the *fourth* game occurring in the match now in course of play in Paris:

Black—Morphy.	*White—Harwitz.*
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	P to Q 3
3. P to Q 4	P take P
4. Q take P	Kt to Q B 3
5. B to Q Kt 5	B to Q 2
6. B take Kt	B take B
7. B to K Kt 5	P to K B 3
8. B to K R 4	Kt to K R 3
9. Kt to Q B 3	Q to Q 2
10. Castles (K R)	B to K 2
11. Q R to Q	Castles (K R)
12. Q to B 4 (check)	R to B 2
13. Kt to Q 4	Kt to K Kt 5
14. P to K R 3	Kt to K 4
15. Q to K 2	P to K Kt 4 (*a*)
16. B to Kt 3	R to Kt 2
17. Kt to K B 5	R to Kt 3
18. P to K B 4 (*b*)	P take P
19. R take P	K to R
20. R to R 4	B to K B
21. B take Kt	B P take B
22. R to K B	Q to K 3
23. Kt to Kt 5	Q to K Kt
24. R to B 2	P to Q R 3
25. Kt take B P	R to Q B
26. Kt to Q 5	B take Kt
27. P take B	R to Q B 2
28. P to B 4	B to K 2
29. R to R 5	Q to K
30. P to Q B 5 (*c*)	Q R take P
31. R take P (check)	K take R
32. Q to R 5 (check)	K to Kt
33. Kt take B (check)	K to Kt 2
34. Kt to B 5 (check)	K to Kt
35. Kt take Q B P	

White resigns.

The time occupied by this game was three hours—rather a low average, considering the importance of the occasion.

NOTES.

(*a*) A very hazardous move, as it exposes the position of his king considerably, without, as it appears to us, affording him an attack of anything like a commensurate value.

(*b*) The attack, if such there were, has already changed hands, and Black's defence is, of necessity, really servile.

(*c*) This move, and those ensuing, are *Paul Morphy* all over. It is likewise *all over* with Harwitz. It is rare, indeed, that, against such a player as Mr. H., opportunity is afforded for the display of such brilliancy as is exhibited in the closing moves of this *partie*.

AMERICAN SHALLOWNESS AND IMITATIVENESS.—An able periodical, the *London Saturday Review*, in concluding a criticism of "Theodosia; or, the Heroine of Faith," a novel republished there, which it says "appears to have had considerable success in the United States," gives a rather unflattering opinion of the literature of this country. As the passage has attracted considerable attention in literary circles, we quote it as follows:—

"The inference which the popularity of such a book as this suggests is a very unpleasant one, though it is unfortunately confirmed by many other evidences of a collateral kind. It tends to show a shallowness and thinness in the American character which is a sad contrast to that force, depth, and variety which are so common in this country. With our Transatlantic kinsmen, slang seems to take the place of humor, bombast to supersede eloquence, and flurried pretension to be mistaken for depth of thought. In almost every American writer with whose works we are acquainted there are the traces of this thinness and slightness. The relation of Fenimore Cooper to Walter Scott, of Mr. Prescott to Lord Macaulay, of Mr. Longfellow to Mr. Tennyson, of Mr. Emerson to Mr. Carlyle, of Washington Irving to Goldsmith, of Justice Story to Lord Brougham, of the North American Review, to the Edinburgh or Quarterly, is, to speak algebraically, a constant relation, and it would be easy to find parallels among theologians. It will seem a paradox only to very shallow and very hasty observers, to assert that a landed aristocracy, an established church, a vast and complicated system of proprietary rights and dignities, and corporate professions richly endowed and closely connected with the Government, are among the strongest of all guaranties for independence and originality of mind. All these things give men a position which is not dependent on mere public opinion, and an authority recognized by law which is infinitely less likely to be oppressive than an authority which rests on nothing but personal qualities. Till very lately, not only could an ecclesiastical court excommunicate, but law courts would issue writs *de excommunicato capiendo*, and within a very few years a martyred clergyman attracted all manner of sympathy by sitting in the Fleet Prison to testify against the Bishop of Exeter; but such machinery is as much less formidable to individual freedom of thought, compared with a church committee, quite unofficial and totally unrecognized by law in some outlying town in the United States, as a thirty-six pound gun is in ordinary life less formidable than a policeman's truncheon. The steady increase of every sort of bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and dimness in America is at once one of the saddest, one of the most remarkable, and one of the best ascertained phenomena of the present day."

THE path of the comet pierces the plane of the orbit of Venus at a point near the orbit itself, and Venus and the comet are both approaching this point. Venus will pass it first, about the 12th, and the comet only one week after; but this interval will give ample scope to the latter to pass without collision, its train included, for at the rate at which these travellers on the celestial highways proceed, the first twenty-four and the second thirty-six miles per second, when nearest, on the 18th, they will yet be eight or ten millions of miles asunder. If, however, further observation show that the comet's motion is more rapid than supposed above, or the attraction of the planet accelerate its mode of travel, the proximity may be greater. It will be worth while watching the comet at this time, to observe whether it undergoes any marked physical changes.

THE "Oakville Pins Company," in Waterbury, work up, monthly, into that useful article, some thirteen tons of brass wire. "Where do all the pins go to?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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A DISTRESSING COUGH causes the friends of the sufferer as much pain as the sufferer himself. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will certainly cure coughs, colds, arrest consumption, and that speedily. When did it ever fail?

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	—	—
" " '67	—	—
" " '68	—	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103½	104
Phila 6 pr ct	98½	98½
" " new	103	103½
" 5 "	94	96
Pitts 6 pr ct	65	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	51	51½
" County 5 pr ct	—	—
Penn R R issue	85	—
Penn 6 pr ct	103	—
" 5 " coupon	93½	94
" 5 "	90½	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	91½	92½
" 5 " coupon	79	79½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6 "	86½	84½
Ohio 6 " 1886	107	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	85	—
Virginia 6 "	93½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Ca'. State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	83	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	137	137
Philadelphia	117	—
Far & Mec	59	60½
Commercial	49	49½
N Liberty	60	56
Mechanics	27½	—
Southwark	75	78
P Township	34½	35½
Kensington	63	65
Girard	11½	11½
Western	66	70
Man & Mech	26	27
Commerce	63	65
Tradesman's	60	—
City	47½	—
Consolidation	25	25½
Commonwealth	21½	22
Corn Exchange	21½	22½
Germantown	57½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	60
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	115	117½
Northern "	117	120
Louisville "	107½	109
Farmers "	120	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	101	104½
Planters "	100	100½
N O Gas Light	123	125
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	23
Lehigh Zinc	1	1
New Creek	1	1
New Grenada	½	½
N America Ins'nce	15½	16
N Libertias Gas	23	—
Southwark & Frankford R R	68½	69
Bonds	99½	—
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	101	102
2nd "	89½	89½
stock	45	45½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds '64	89½	90
stock	116	116
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	80½	—
mort 6's '44	91	92
" " '65	71½	—
stock	25	25½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	85	—
stock	—	36½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	33	32½
6 pr ct loan '60	100	100½
Chas Val R R '72	33½	34
Tioga R R	75	87
Williams & Elmira 1s last mort	70½	72½
2d "	42½	43
stock	10	10½
Catawissa	6½	6½
Beaver Meadow stock	55½	56½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	9½
6 pr ct loan	53½	59
Phi'a Ger & Nor R R stock	54	54½
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	93½	93½
Har and Lan R R stock	56½	58½
bonds '83	90	93
L. Schuylkill R R stock	30	32
Long Island R R stock	11½	12
bonds	79	—
Erie R R stock	16	—
Hudson River R R	51½	—
N Y Centra	93	—
Michigan Central	75½	—
Illinois "	78½	—
Michigan Southern	24½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '62	65½	66
reg. 6 pr ct	65½	70
stock	8½	9
preferred	16½	18½
Lehigh Nav stock	49½	50
mort 6 pr ct	95	95½
scrip	18½	—
Morris Canal'd	43	43½
preferred	101½	101½
Cam & Del	34½	43
bonds	77½	78
Union bonds	2	5
	35	37
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1878	36½	47

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.
JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.
MEATS.

Beef		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	8 a10
"	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	25 a30
Rump "	8 a10	Whole carcass	4 a 9
Chuck pieces "	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Plates and navels corned "	8 a10	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	8
Tongues, smoked each	62 a75	Hind "	16
Leg, each	31 a37½	Chop "	12½
Shin "	20 a25	Cutlet "	12½
Kidney "	8 a12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 9	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef, ₱ lb	14 a16	Young Pigs	1.75
Lamb.		Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Feet, ₱ set	10½a25
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 a 8
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Lard "	10 a12
Calves head, each	25 a37	Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Bologna sausages	15 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Do do, ₱ lb	6 a 8
New pot'e (N J), ₱ bus	1,80a1,25	Corn pot'e, ₱ bus	85a87
Sweet potatoes, ₱ lb	6½	Onions, bus	90
Cabbages, ₱ head	8 a10	Egg plants, each	12 a18
		Tomatoes, ₱ basket	50 a62
		Squashes, ₱ basket	37½a50

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bkt	2,00a2,50	Canteloupes	1 a 5
Do ₱ pk	25 a31	Watermelons	10 a25
Do finest	33 a5	Sickle Pears ₱ qr pk	50

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₱ pair	50 a37	Reed Bird ₱ doz	31,25
Chickens, ₱ pair	75 a1,25	Rail "	25 a 37
Teal ₱ pair	62 a1,00	Chickens, ₱ lb	16 a17½
		Sub Pig'ns, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ bbl	3,50 a75	N Y do, ₱ bbl, 16,00	15,00
Do. ₱ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Choice)	
Morris River Cove, ₱ M	10,00 a12,00	Do!	3,00 a12,00
		Lobsters, ₱ lb	10
		Crabs, M	2,00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	20 a25	Bass Fish, lb	12
Roll "	20 a30	Salt do, lb	11
Eggs, doz	13 a20	Mackerel	10
Codfish	6 a 8	Sm'kd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	5 a 6	Honey, lb	20 a25
Halibut, lb	12½	Smearcase, cake	2

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, October 9, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks par to ½ dis		Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis		KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old banks	2 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis		

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 9.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour declined; sales of 8500 bbls Ohio at $4,70@4,80 for State, $5@5,25 for Ohio, and $5@5,50 for Southern. Wheat declined 1@2c; sales of 5000 bush. Corn heavy; 10,000 bush sold at 78c for white. Pork dull at $16,50 for Mess, and $14,25 for Prime. Whiskey dull at 22c.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	11	11	11	11
Middling	13½	13½	13½	13½
Md'ling fair	14	14	14½	14½

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They will cure NERVOUS DEBILITY.
They will cure LIVER COMPLAINT.
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They will cure PILES.
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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Aug. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. DAVID K. MITCHELL, to Miss MARY MAHOOD, both of this city.

On the 23d of Aug. by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, WILLIAM J. FULTON, to MARY J. MURPHY.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. T. S. Malcolm, Mr. JOHN J. HUGHES, to Miss MARY E. CLARK, both of this city.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. JAMES B. KENNEDY, to Miss LIZZIE GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Stork, Mr. JOHN WALDRON, to Miss CAROLINE SOWALEY.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. B. Maddux, THOMAS G. LAWRENCE, of this city, to ELIZA ENNIS, formerly of Newcastle county, Del.

On the 12th of Aug. by the Rev. Wm. Fulton, Mr. SAMUEL PICKERING, to Miss ELIZABETH BROWN, both of Manayunk.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Fulton, Mr. DAVID DUNLAP, of Manayunk, to Miss REBECCA MOORE, of Philadelphia.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. W. P. Davidson, Mr. JOHN B. STOKES, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss MARY R. LAMPLUGH, of Camden, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of the 6th instant, JOSHUA ELLIS, in his 63d year.

On the 4th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Daniel Dingee, aged 70 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ROSANNA DARGER, aged 23 years.

On the 5th instant, EDMUND FIELDS, aged 47.

On the 5th instant, MARGARET, wife of Henry Kappes, aged 36 years.

On the 3d instant, SARAH, wife of Daniel Haraugh, aged 24 years.

On the 4th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Martin Moffit, aged 65 years.

On the 4th instant, AUGUSTUS FREDERICKSON, aged 34 years.

On the 4th instant, ANN SMITH, aged 46 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. ELLEN STEELMAN, aged 57 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. Geo. W. Burns.

At Frankford, on the 2d instant, FRANCIS E. SOMERDIKE, aged 54 years.

On the 2d instant, CHARLES W. RICHARDS, aged 53 years.

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A VIRGINIA TRAVELLER AND A KENTUCKY LANDLORD.

A traveller from Virginia, as his blooded horse and plethoric saddle-bags indicated, stopped at a comfortable wayside inn in Kentucky one night, many years ago. The landlord was a jovial, whole-souled fellow, as landlords were in those days, and gave the stranger the best entertainments his table and bar would afford, as well as his own merry company to make him glad. Early in the morning the stranger was up and looking around, when he espied a rich bed of mint in the garden. He straightway found Boniface, and, indignant at what he supposed his inhospitality in setting plain whiskey before him when the means of brewing nectar were so easy of access, he dragged him forth to the spot, and, pointing his finger at the mint, he exclaimed:

"I say, landlord, will you be good enough to say what that is?"

"A bed of mint," said the somewhat astonished landlord.

"And will you please tell me what is the use of it?"

"Well, don't exactly know, 'cept the old woman dries it sometimes with the other 'yarbs.'"

The Virginian almost turned pale at the enormity of the assertion.

"And do you mean to tell me you don't know what a mint julep is?"

"Not 'cept it's something like sage tea, stranger."

"Sage tea! Go right along to the house, get a bucket of ice, loaf sugar and your best liquor."

The landlord obeyed, and the stranger soon made his appearance with a handful of the fragrant, dewy mint, and then they brewed and drank again.

Breakfast was over, and the stranger's horse was brought out only to be ordered back again. Through the live-long day they brewed and drank; one or two neighbors dropped in, who were partakers; and late in the night were their orgies kept up. Ere they made it bed-time, the landlord and his Virginia friend, who had initiated him into the pleasant mysteries of mint julep, were sworn brothers, and when the latter departed next morning, Boniface exacted a pledge that he should stop on his return, and stay as long as he pleased, free of cost.

The stranger's business, however, detained him longer than he expected, and it was the next summer before he came back. Riding up late in the evening, he gave his horse to an old negro, who was at the gate, and at the same time inquired:

"Well, Sam, how is your master?"

"Yonder him come," said the negro, pointing to a youth who was approaching.

"I mean your old master, fool."

"Old massa! Him done dead dis tree month."

"Dead! What was the matter with him? He was in fine health when I left him."

"Yes, but see, Massa Stranger, one of dem Virginia gemmans come along here last year, and showed him how to eat greens in his liquor. He liked it so well he done stuck to it till it kill him," said the old darkey, shaking his head.

The stranger passed a less jovial night than on his previous visit, and was off by daybreak the next morning. He quieted his conscience, however, in the end, with the reflection that "good things are sometimes misused."

I'll Vote for the Other Man.—The following story is told of a revolutionary soldier who was running for Congress:

It appears that he was opposed by a much younger man, who had never "been to the wars," and it was the wont of "Revolutionary" to tell the people of the hardships he endured.

Says he:

"Fellow citizens, I have fought and bled for my country—I helped whip the British and Indians. I have slept upon the field of battle with no other covering but the canopy of heaven. I have walked over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood."

Just about this time, one of the "sovereigns" who had become very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupting him, says:

"Did you say that you had fought the British and the Injines?"

"Yes," responded Revolutionary.

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground while serving your country without any kiver?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Did you say you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood?"

"Yes," exultingly replied the speaker.

"Well, then," says the tearful "sovereign," as he gave a sigh of painful emotion, "I'll be blamed if I don't think you've done enough for your country, and I'll vote for the other man!"

A Sharp Bargain.—It was hard to catch "Old Jack Jones" in a place too tight for him to get out. The following occurred recently at Cedartown Court. There had been a hard frost the night before, and some of the knowing ones prophesied an entire failure of the wheat crop.

"I've got one hundred acres," says Old Jack, "that I'll take one hundred dollars for."

"Jack, I'll give it, and hand you the money in an hour," said Mitchel.

Before the expiration of the hour, a negro from the plantation reported the wheat uninjured, and Mitchel advanced, money in hand.

"Thank you," says Jones. "When will you take your wheat away?"

"Take it away? Why, as soon as it's ripe."

"No, you don't. You must cut it this week. I want to plough up that field and put it in corn."

HOW ALLIGATORS ARE CAUGHT DOWN SOUTH.

When I was in the West Indies, Government offered a bounty for alligator hides. All sorts of traps were set into requisition, but the game was too knowing, and avoided all places which bore the slightest suspicion of foul play. Bullets had no effect upon their general health, and there seemed but little prospect of making anything out of it. All attempts proved failures, and were on the point of being given up, when a Yankee appeared on the ground, who thought there might be a chance for a speculation after all. First he set about studying the habits of the animal, and noticed, among other peculiarities, that when it came out of the water early in the morning, it walked up the embankment, probably in quest of food, and when returning took the same track *invariably*, and entered the water at the same spot from whence it emerged. If the ground was disturbed during its morning excursion in its path, it might be seen walking over it slowly and with the greatest apparent caution, but *never to leave its track*. Our observing Yankee took his measures accordingly. Watching his opportunity when the alligator leaves the swamp, he crawls noiselessly after it, and plants a thin stick into the sand, directly in the middle of the furrow made by the reptile's tail; then following it by a roundabout way, marks the spot where it turns to go back, and there also puts a stick into its furrow. Alligator is about entering the water, when he spies stick No. 1 right ahead of him in his track. He stops, eyes it attentively for a minute or two, during which time he is supposed to exclaim, mentally, "Well, there! I'll bet a five somebody has been here and put up a trap!" etc. Yankee mentally defies him to put up his money. Alligator suspects, and declines walking over that stick; consequently turns about, and with a negative flourish of its latter end, implying strong doubts as to anybody's ability to come it over him, wends his way back to the other end of his journey, when, lo! stick No. 2 meets his astonished gaze. He stops, ruminating in his mind what all this means, and declares that he never saw the like of it; and muttering and growling, turns to go home. He walks along thoughtfully until he comes to stick No. 1, and having probably forgotten that he saw it before, is confounded beyond measure at the singularity of these demonstrations, so he concludes to try the other end, where, of course, he finds stick No. 2; and there the poor creature keeps walking back and forth between the two sticks until he gets so used up that he can make no resistance, and is easily captured!

One of the Boys.—Neighbor T——— had a social party at his house a few evenings since, and the "dear boy," Charles, a five-year-old colt, was favored with permission to be seen in the parlor. "Pa" is somewhat proud of his boy, and Charles was, of course, elaborately gotten up for so great an occasion. Among other extras, the little fellow's hair was treated to a liberal supply of eau de cologne, to his huge gratification. As he entered the parlor, and made his bow to the ladies and gentlemen—

"Lookee here," said he, proudly, "if any of you smells a smell, that's *me!*"

The effect was decided, and Charles, having thus in one brief sentence delivered an illustrative essay on human vanity, was the hero of the evening.

OH, YES—OF COURSE!

Lizzie.—"Oh, Mr. Foffles, I find I have made a mistake—I see I was engaged for this dance."

Agricultural.

HOW TO SAVE POTATOES FROM THE ROT.

From the 10th of April up to the 1st day of June, I planted at intervals some twenty-three varieties of potatoes. In respect to these several varieties my general course of culture was the same, and every aspect was of the *most flattering* character in all cases until at *least* one-half had passed the period of ripening in apparent safety. What then? Why, *dark, dead spots* began to appear upon some of the leaves, otherwise of a deep green color.

What could be done? These early varieties *must ripen;* their tops must *die;* and to die a *natural* death amid a pestilential atmosphere, was *impossible* without a miracle.

It soon turned in my mind that by pulling the tops of *ripe* potatoes previous to the time when the juices of the stalks should become vitiated and descend to the tubers still joined to their parent roots, the tubers might be kept sound in the earth until desired for the table or for shipping, and also secure the toughening of their tender skins before removing them from the soil, as well as gain a *cool* and more pure atmosphere before exposing them above ground.

Every circumstance that has transpired since I put the above suggestion in practice, has only served to confirm me in the belief that it is the *only sure way to save early* potatoes from becoming infected, if they ripen between the 15th of July and the 5th of September.

No variety to which I have applied the above rule of prevention to the *rot* in due season, has suffered at all, but it is just as light and fine flavored when cooked as it was before the blight appeared.

I did not harvest the tops of any of my potatoes beyond what was needed for the table, before the 1st of September; and yet I was in time on every variety that was still in a thriving condition; whereas, I ought to have begun the harvest by the 10th or 15th of August, and I need not have lost a tuber. In the application of the rule of prevention, in regard to *time*, a mistake of one day would prove fatal in some cases. This *apparent* exception to the rule would thus only serve to confirm it.

If we can determine from the appearance of the surface of the stalk or tuber the approach of disease, we can, by applying the rule of prevention the same day, arrest or prevent it.

The stalk must continue fresh and green, and the tuber *bright* and *smooth*, or otherwise if an occasional stalk or tuber appears of a *pale* or *dull color*, the "*plague has begun;*" there is no time to lose. Observation and practice will give the agriculturist power to determine and anticipate the approach of danger with a precision sufficient for every useful purpose; and thus thousands of bushels of summer and fall potatoes will be saved in good condition, that are now lost to the world annually for the want of this timely remedy.—*Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

BOY FARMERS.

In answer to a request made a few weeks since, for information relative to the culture of winter barley, we have received, among others, the following communication, and we recommend its careful perusal by all that portion of our parish of readers to whom this column is specially dedicated. Would we had more young men of like stamina to the Johnston Brothers.

Ens. Rural:—If boys may answer the inquiry concerning Winter Barley, we will send our experience. Our crop this year was 232 bushels from three acres and five-sixths. It was sown the *15th September*, on clay loam, and after harvesting a great crop of oats. The oats that scattered in harvesting came up with the barley, and formed the most perfect covering of the ground we ever saw, and some of them survived the frost, and had good, well-filled oats this year, so much so that the breadth of a cradle-swath, next the orchard, where it was most protected from the wind and storm, we *did not cut. The barley weighed 48 pounds to* the bushel.

How we Stopped a Bull Sucking Cows.—We put him in a stanchion and cut a slit in his tongue, one-half inch deep, right at the end. It cured him, and we believe it will cure a cow, or any kind of animal, and not injure their feeding.

The Way to Keep Turnips, Beets, Carrots, and all roots as fresh during the year as when dug, is to put them in barrels of any kind—apple as good as any—and cover with a sod. This is our mode, and it works to a charm.

Now, Mr. Editor, you may do as you please with this. We are readers of your paper, like it very much, have taken it a good share of the time since it was first published. We are three brothers, working a farm of one hundred and forty-two acres, and have for three years. We have what we can make, and mean to be good farmers and the ardent friends of good crops. Our ages are respectively, Henry Norton Johnston, 19 years; Dorman Steel Johnston, 16 years; Willis Johnston, 14 years. This is our firm, and we make a little money every year, and wish all the rest of the boys may do the same. We love to see a boy with clothes and money he has earned.—H. N. Johnston & Bros., *in Rural New Yorker.*

Hess Road, Niag. Co., N. Y.

Seed Wheat.—A correspondent of the American Farmers' Magazine asserts that the weevil, midge, Hessian fly and rust may be exterminated from wheat by preparing it for sowing, as follows: Wash the wheat thoroughly in several waters in a tub, stirring it well until the water runs off clear. After this take two quarts of caustic lime to every bushel of grain, and mix it well with the wet wheat in the tub. The amount of water in the tub should just cover the grain, which must be left to soak for twelve hours. This lime lye kills all the seeds of the insects, and the wheat is then rendered fit for sowing by turning it over among dry wood ashes on the barn floor, and using a pound of the flour of sulphur to each bushel. It is stated that the sulphur protects the grain from the attacks of vermin, while the alkali dissolves the insect ova in the seed. Wheat thus prepared has yielded large crops in New England. We have seen this grain prepared for sowing by various modes, such as salt brine, lime and ashes, but we like the above method better than any hitherto known to us. Farmers residing in sections subject to the attacks of the Hessian fly, who do not sow fall wheat until October, should give this method of preparing it a trial. It cannot injure the grain, and we believe it will be the means of greatly benefiting it.—*Scientific American.*

Saving Corn Seed.—Remember, that every new plant raised from grain, is more or less a *new variety*—and to have it constantly improving, save the very best. In husking corn, take such ears as are finest, and from the most prolific stalks. Ten years of constant care like this, will, step by step, effect a great improvement. Potatoes, not being raised from *seed*, but only by a multiplication of the same plant, will not thus improve.—*Country Gentleman.*

STORING WINTER VEGETABLES.

It is time to think about storing away vegetables for winter use, not that it yet be done, but provision must be made for it. Here a good cellar is invaluable, as by its aid much of the garden stuff can be preserved in safety during the presently inclement weather. Of root crop, parsnips and oysters plants are both benefitted by being left in the ground during winter, but as it is difficult to get them out in hard weather, enough for first use should be stored away along with beets, turnips, and carrots; all that is necessary, is to get some dryish sand, alternate the layers of sand and roots; this brings them out fresh and plump; in the absence of sand ordinary soil will do. Squashes and pumpkins, if thoroughly ripe, will keep in any dry place free from frost. Onions the same.

Celery may be stood upright in a box or corner of the cellar, soil being worked in well among the heads; if the place is at all warm they will last but a short time. For later use take out a narrow trench, say the width of the spade and as deep as the celery is high, clean out the bottom of all crumbs, then commence one end with the celery which must be taken up with roots and stand upright as thick as they will stand; no soil need be worked in with it this way, as the ground being cold it does not decay. When all is laid in snug, cut short pieces of boards and lay cross ways the trench, on which lay others lengthways, not too close together; on this must be plied litter long manure and the like very thick or sufficient to keep out frost. It is a good plan to throw rough boughs over also, which accumulate a snow drift, than which there is no finer covering for anything of a vegetable nature.

Cabbage can be readily kept for first use, in the cellar, either lying on the floor, roots up, or suspended from the ceiling by means of cord or the like. If on the floor they must not be over two thick, or frequently moved about. Market gardeners for early winter use lay them close together, heads up, partially below ground, then throw over a quantity of litter proportionate, mostly to the time it is wished to keep them. For spring use select those still soft and unfit for market or table; choose a piece of dry land, and open a trench as for digging the soil; lift the cabbage roots and all (indeed this should be a standing rule,) and commence a row in this trench with the roots standing upright; the soil for the next row is thrown on these, and so on until the job is completed. Four inches of soil over the heart of the cabbage is quite sufficient, on which some rough stuff ought to be thrown over as winter sets it. When thaw comes in the spring, these will be found hardened and good cabbage, but will not last long when exposed to the air, hence should be taken up only as occasion demands.

The actual time at which all this must be done, depends altogether upon the region of country and the season. Just before hard frosts set in is time enough, but it shou'd be remembered that freezing even rather lightly injures the keeping qualities of celery, carrots, or beets, hence every one must be on their guard when frost may be reasonably expected.—*Cor. of N. W. Farmer.*

Gargling Oil and Soap Liniment.—S. *K.* S., of Cayuga Co., an English Veterinarian, says that a gargling oil made of equal parts of Soap Liniment, Oil of Spike and Tincture of Aloes, is superior to anything else for rheumatism, bruises, chilblains and burns in the human subject, and for sweeney, inflammation, sprains and swellings in horses or cattle. He arrives at this conclusion after sixty years experience.

Soap liniment is made thus:—Alcohol 1 pint; clarified soap 3 ounces; aqua ammonia 4 ounces; oil of lavender ½ ounce; proof spirits 2 pounds, tincture of camphor 4 ounces;—the tincture should be as strong as alcohol will dissolve—spirits of rosemary 1 pint. Mix, cork tight, and place *in a warm room* for seven days before using.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Wind Spavin.—It may be cured with the following remedy: take equal parts beef's gall, neatsfoot oil, brandy and spirits of turpentine; shake well together, and apply it thoroughly once a day until cured. I have cured them in this way in eight weeks.—*Corres. of N. E. Farmer.*

☞ Officer: Didn't you guarantee, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of the enemy? *Horsedealer:* No more he won't; 'tisn't till after the fire that he shies.

To Destroy Wireworm.—I read in the Agricultural Gazette of the 28th ult. a paragraph about wireworm. I believe that I succeeded in destroying them by having 2 cwt. of soda-ash per Irish acre spread on the stubble in autumn, immediately before it is ploughed; the land being intended for green crops the spring following. The soda ash was spread and ploughed into the stubble last autumn in a field that had a great number of wireworm in it, and there is now growing in it a crop of Mangels and Turnips, and not a plant of either was cut off by the worm, although two years ago, in the same field, one-eighth of the crop of Turnips was cut off by the wireworm.—*Correspondent of London Gardener's Chronicle.*

Useful Receipts.

Gumbo.—A correspondent of The Post, in Washington City, says:—"The publication in your valuable paper of a receipt for making gumbo or gombo, has influenced me to send you another which is much used by the Creole families of New Orleans, and is preferred by many to the one you have given.

"A young chicken is cut up and sprinkled with salt and red pepper. Two or more *onions* are sliced and fried brown, (not black,) in melted lard. When the onions become brown, throw in the pieces of chicken and let them fry in a similar manner; then put in the bone of a boiled ham. Pour over the articles a small quantity of warm water; cover the pan and let it *simmer* over a *slow fire*. Continue to add the warm water at intervals, being careful to keep the pan covered between times, until you have the required quantity of liquid for the number of swallowers—four or five. While the chicken is frying with the onions, open some oysters or clams, and parboil them in their own liquor, adding a little hot water if necessary. When parboiled, throw them in the pan with the rest. All together should simmer at least one hour. Then take the pan off the fire and sift in a heaped soup-spoonful of *powdered sassafras leaves*. The object of the sassafras is to thicken the gumbo, make it more healthy, and improve the flavor. Serve immediately. Gumbo should always be accompanied by plain boiled rice, as without it the liquid is too rich for most persons. Ozee."

Worth a Trial.—It is recommended to housewives, in making their pickles, to add a cluster or two of green grapes, which will completely preserve the vigor of the vinegar.

Stitch in the Side.—Take a long breath *outwardly*, so as to expel all the air from the lungs. The stitches cease instantly.

Collodion in Erysipelas.—Dr. Baumann employs collodion in all cases, and has found it, even in several cases of erysipelas in the face, and in one case of phlegmonous erysipelas of the thigh, highly useful. He first gives an emetic, and them daily applies the collodion to the parts. The recovery is rapid, and no ill consequences have been observed.

To Make Neat's Foot Oil.—Take four ox feet with the skin on up to the kneecaps, and keep them eight days tied up in straw in a warm place; then pluck all the hair off, and break the joints and bones; boil them slow in ten imperial pints of water for twelve hours. The oil will then rise to the surface of the water, and can be skimmed off and drained. Let it stand one night, and then put the oil in a little clean boiling water, and skim it off again, when it will be found to be quite clear and free from mixture.

Stewed Chicken.—Prepare and cut up the fowls, in proper pieces, and separate each joint for the table; put into the stew-pan or kettle, with plenty of salt and pepper to season; add what butter you wish, and a small quantity of saleratus (not enough to discolor), to assist in making it tender, and only water enough to cook it: cover close, and stew moderately.—Turn occasionally, that it may cook and season evenly; when nearly done, remove the cover, that the water may moderately evaporate. If you choose, dredge and boil in some flour.—Turn on some sweet cream, boil up and serve—a glass or two of wine adds to its flavor greatly. Squirrels are good cooked like the above, omitting the cream and wine.

Anecdote of Dr. Webster, a Scotch Minister.—In 1774, Dr. Webster was a popular preacher of the Kirk of Scotland, in Edinburgh. Business brought him to London, and one day, when passing the House of Lords, his curiosity induced him to make an effort to step in and see them. None were admitted without an order, except noblemen's servants. Webster being ignorant of the rule, requested admittance.

"What lord do you belong to?" said the doorkeeper.

"To the Lord Jehovah," replied Webster.

"The Lord Jehovah," repeated the keeper, "I have kept here seven years, but I have never heard of such a lord; Jack," said he to his fellow-keeper on the front steps, "here's a chap who says he belongs to Lord Jehovah; don't you know such a lord?"

"Never heard of him," says Jack.

"But," says Webster, (willing to keep up the illusion), "there is such a lord."

"Pass'em in," said Jack, "I s'pose it's some poor Scotch lord."

This occurred at a period when there was not one in twenty of all the manufacturing and rural districts in England who could read the Bible or write his own name. Sabbath schools were introduced in 1783. Now the people are intelligent and happy, and can not only read and write, but have found out who the "Lord Jehovah" is.—*Grant Thorburn.*

Whom to Marry.—When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "look out for one distinguished for her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined by the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—*Star.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 2, 29, 3, 25, 18, 5, is an island of the South Pacific Ocean.

My 24, 20, 11, 6, is a town of South America.

My 3, 16, 9, 21, 2, is a river of France.

My 1, 16, 18, 34, is a lake in British America.

My 7, 19, 27, 19, 1, 20, is a country in North America.

My 22, 32, 30, 21, 2, 32, is one of the Asiatic isles.

My 31, 13, 27, 9, 13, 19, 20, 10, is a strait in the Mediterranean Sea.

My 34, 26, 33, 14, 28, 20, 13, 5, 9, 7, 19, is a portion of the Eastern Hemisphere.

My 3, 23, 6, 17, 15, 2, 30, 11, 24, 4, 19, 8, 16, 3, is a part of the United States.

My 31, 12, 3, 4, 18, 27, is a city in the United States.

My 22, 33, 5, 14, 10, 21, is a town in England.

My whole was one of the first struggles for liberty by the people of Massachusetts.

Cabell Co., Va. FRANK LESAGE.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 11, 3, 2, 12, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 10, 19, 4, 15, 3, is the birth-place of Columbus.

My 5, 3, 2, 12, 6, 18, 2, was the discoverer of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

My 10, 3, 16, 19, 7, was a lieutenant.

My 3, 17, 3, 4, 6, 14, was the name of a Christian Indian.

My 1, 15, 2, 16, 14, 2, 3, 4, 10, 19, a settlement near the present site of Albany.

My 4, 9, 5, 11, 13, 17, 7, was Governor under the name of the Duke of York.

My 13, 8, 18, 12, 5, 11, 19, 2, was a Pilgrim in the Mayflower.

My whole was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence. ALBERT H. D.

Pittsburg, Pa.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post,

BY W. LANAHAN.

Thrust within a noisome dungeon,
Barred by ponderous lock and key,
Oft the weary convict wishes
Fervently my first to be.

If perchance he has my second,
How his cheek should burn with shame,
Thinking of the stigma resting
On a noble, honored name.

With what tears of grief and sadness
Would my second plead and pray;
That my third a prisoner guarded
Might from evil turn away.

Where a steadfast band of brothers
Secretly in council meet;
There with friendly grip and pass word,
Will my whole his comrades greet.

Tiffin.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first is an animal that roams in the west,
To some 'tis a pleasure, to others a pest.
One of our organs you'll find is my second,
That God kindly gave us—if I've rightly reckoned.
My whole 'tis plain is a kind of a fruit
That grows in the woods, and is death to the brute.

H. F. ONEALL.

Linden Cottage, Daviess Co., Mo.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first secures your house at night,
When prowling thieves do steal;
My second's found within the earth,
The truth I now reveal.
My whole's applied to us; the term,—
"The state that holds the Union firm."

GAHMEW.

ANAGRAMS

On the Counties of Virginia.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Comacac.	Fordfast.
Ruppelpec.	Marble, ale.
He am no gal, no	Noudol.
No, gal.	No, sam.
Kilpaus.	Silew.
Ligmer.	Lewelxat.
Baltimore.	J. L. B. & R. Y. N.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Five men, A, B, C, D and E, divided some money among themselves in such a manner that A and B jointly got $19 to C and D getting $26; B and C got $18 to D and E getting $27; C and D got $39 to E and A getting $42; D and E got $66 to A and B getting $38. After they had the sum thus divided, it was found that A had $38.61 less than C, and D had $51.48 more than B. What was the sum of money divided, and what was each man's share thereof?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is that which no man wants, which if any man has he would not part with for untold wealth? Ans.—A bald head.

☞ What is it you must keep after giving it to another? Ans.—Your word.

☞ In what does Queen Victoria take her pills? Ans.—In-side-her (in elder.)

☞ Which one of the planets is supposed to hav the most specie? Ans.—The moon; because she is continually changing quarters.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Marietta Garzaniga Malaspina. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Epaminondas. CHARADE—Wheelbarrow (Wheel-bar-row). CHARADE—Errant (Err-nan-t).—CHARADE—Farewell. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM—$4.00.

The Stage Coach.—Captain Burt mentions that when the roads were made in the Highlands, about 1730, the people ran from their huts close to any coach that passed, looking up and bowing to the coachman, little regarding those who were inside. They looked upon the coachman as a kind of Prime Minister guiding an important machine.

☞ Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.—*Dr. Johnson.*